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John Bull

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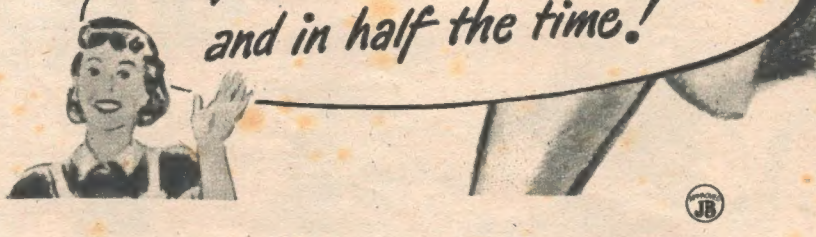

WS 72-1304

EDITORIAL

A master plan to end the great road muddle?

IT IS A POOR REFLECTION on our roads and road laws that petrol rationing has proved to be the only means of keeping down the accident rate and reducing traffic congestion.

Both accidents and traffic jams increased seriously from the moment rationing was abolished—and they were bad enough already.

The present prospects are that this twin problem of the roads, affecting all of us every day, will continue to worsen, until it becomes a national menace.

The trouble is that it has never yet been tackled resolutely and in its entirety. It has merely been tinkered with in tiny ways.

The only practical achievements of fifty years during which the main stream of life turned from the railways to the roads are: first, a thirty miles-an-hour speed limit in built-up areas; and second, a partial, puzzling system of one-way streets in most towns. Otherwise, chaos and peril are allowed to reign almost unhampered and to increase.

In the centre of London and other big cities it is now often quicker to walk than to ride. And throughout the country as a whole there are more deaths and more injuries than ever. The two problems are linked because they often arise from the same causes and demand common remedies.

The chief victims of road accidents are pedestrians (especially children) and cyclists. Neither is subject to control and penalties, as are the drivers of all road vehicles. It may be argued the weight of responsibility is correctly placed. But it is difficult to see how any permanent cure for street perils can be devised without curtailing the ancient rights of road-users who are at present allowed to do more or less as they please.

THE Government has, indeed, hinted cautiously in Parliament that it is toying with the idea of introducing regulations to enforce more traffic discipline on both cyclists and pedestrians. Although this would probably be accompanied by new restrictions on drivers of vehicles, it would certainly arouse great resentment, and organized resistance of the kind which especially alarms Members of Parliament.

Nevertheless, it will then only bring this country into line with others where, for example, jay-walking is a punishable offence.

The time has come when, for the sake of safety, everyone may have to give up a little liberty on the roads. The public should be asked to do so as part of a concerted general plan to promote a smoother, safer flow through all traffic arteries.

There are ample warnings of the necessity for such a plan. Not only the accident figures, not only the intolerably wasteful delays, but the opinions of the greatest experts supply plenty of evidence.

Sir Harold Scott, Commissioner of Police, mentioned in his last annual report "the increasing difficulties of traffic control" in London, and showed himself very pessimistic about next year, when the Festival of Britain will increase the congestion.

"It requires no stretch of imagination" he wrote, "to foresee the most serious difficulties," and he gloomily forecast that the task would be altogether worse than anything the police have had to wrestle with before.

Yet the ordinary Londoner is aware, only too well, that no Festival of Britain is needed to make London's main streets into a nightmare of danger and delay.

ON a lesser scale the same evils are growing yearly in Glasgow, Manchester and other great cities, and also in smaller towns which have the misfortune to stand on main routes or to possess old, tortuous and narrow road networks.

For how long is the great road muddle to be allowed to drift unchecked? Wise governments, foreseeing danger of wars, prepare to defend their nations. Our own Government is doing this very thing today. Surely it is not impossible, when a domestic peacetime problem of the first importance is pressing, to act with similar foresight and boldness?

A Royal Commission on the roads should be appointed forthwith, to review *all* the different aspects of the traffic and accident problem, to sum up *all* the rules and remedies so far in force and decide why and where they are inadequate; and to produce finally a comprehensive long-term plan for road safety and convenience.

That plan should be presented to Parliament in the same spirit as the Government's defence programme. It might call for sacrifice and self-denial by all kinds of road-users. It would be fiercely attacked in detail by sectional interests.

But without such a plan this daily nuisance on the roads will worsen and the daily waste of time and money will reach the point of madness.

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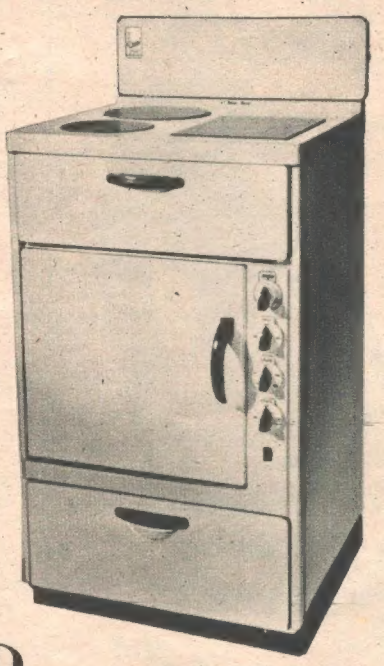
'FOR MY HOUSE—

I want a cooker that lightens my toil, that cooks like a dream and is quick on the boil'



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FREE SPEECH

They know how to beat Communism

DURING THE TIME OF depression in the Rhondda Valley, when three out of four men were unemployed, we had at one time six Communist councillors. "Red Rhondda" they called us then.

Now, with an infinitely better standard of living than ever before and all able-bodied unemployment abolished, we haven't got one Communist on the council. And we did not vote against Communism because the diehards condemn it or because of Russia and the Iron Curtain.

The moral of our story is that Communism is bred by bad conditions; improve them and you automatically defeat Communism. For proof of this, ask the people of the Rhondda Valley—they know. — GWILYM G. JONES, 22 Oakfield Terrace, Llwynypia, Rhondda, Glamorgan, S. Wales.

More Than They Can Chew?

IF LIDDELL HART'S ESTIMATE is accurate ("Can We Defend The West?" August 26), then Europe's fate is practically certain if Stalin decides on war. However, a factor that may have some weight is the way in which Russian domination of Poland, Hungary, and so on, is actually working out. Experience may be telling the Russians that a large "grab" might be their undoing in a few years. "Little by little" probably suits them best, but as that method is now apt to start a global war, the Kremlin will probably try to think up some new methods—and that will give the rest of the world valuable time.—P. G., Co. Derry, N. Ireland.

Chaos In Kashmir

ALL PRAISE TO H. E. BATES for his fine new story, *The Scarlet Sword*, serialized in JOHN BULL. I was connected with British India in 1947 and well remember the chaos that came to Kashmir after the partition. After the state forces had withdrawn to Srinagar, the invading Pathan tribesmen were estimated at 100,000 strong. Baramulla, which contained the mission convent, was completely destroyed and there were few survivors. Later, the children of the British colonel and his wife, who had both been murdered, were brought to Rawalpindi, headquarters of the Pakistan Army.—M. J. PRESTON, Captain (Retd.), 9th Gurkha Rifles, 148 Castlenau, Barnes, London, S.W.13.

. . . I think *The Scarlet Sword* will be even better than H. E. Bates's previous JOHN BULL serial, *The Jacaranda Tree*, but I wish the author would confine himself to descriptive realities. Such phrases as "eyes like blue walnuts"—used to describe Father Anstey—are meaningless. I have never seen a blue walnut; the skin is green and the shell is light brown.—DAVID H. GRAHAM, 1 Astor Road, St. Peters, Broadstairs, Kent.

. . . In the first instalment, H. E. Bates writes of Father Anstey telling an untruth. Though this may well be taken as a jest, it is entirely contradictory to Church teachings, which are set forth with unmistakable clarity: "No lie can be lawful or innocent, and no motive, however good, can excuse a lie, for a lie is always sinful and bad in itself." — THOMAS F. COUSER, Ryton Villa, Abbey Wood, London, S.E.2.

Their Pledge Is: "No Meat"

WHY, IF MEAT IS SO SCARCE, are there so many obstacles to overcome before you can become a vegetarian? I recently put in an application for vegetarian rations and found that a person must be a member of a vegetarian society and be vouched for by two people, both of whom hold public offices. Also, the applicant must promise not to eat fish, fowl or flesh under any circumstances. —E. S. KITCHEN, York.

You need not belong to a vegetarian society to draw vegetarian rations. You merely need one person in public office—such as a doctor or Justice of the Peace—to vouch for you on the application form. Last year 106,904 *people were registered as vegetarians,* 64,000 *more than in November,* 1945.

Deck Chairs Into Battle

SPENDING A HOLIDAY AT Cliftonville, Kent, recently, I was astounded at the deck chair system. Each fine morning there was a mad rush for possession, which led to the disgusting spectacle of

certain individuals trying to commandeer as many as ten or a dozen chairs. When challenged, they replied: "They're for our party—they'll be along any minute now." It is surprising there wasn't a series of free fights on the beach every morning. Along with two other irate and chairless holiday-makers, I took part in a "struggle" for possession of eight unoccupied chairs. The "assault party" won. I am sure that, if the chairs had to be paid for when taken, plus a small deposit to be refunded when returned, it would save these regular scenes on the beach.—EDGAR SWINDELLS, The Hawthorns, Bamford, Sheffield, Yorks.

A Tip For The Painter

HARRY HOPKINS, IN THE FIRST of his articles on The Homes Of Tomorrow ("Charlie's Gang Speeds Up The Houses," August 5), mentions the skin that forms overnight on the painter's pots. I have had almost seventy years' experience as a workman and employer in the painting trade and I have always found that the following treatment prevents the skin forming. At the end of each working day, pour cold water *gently* on to the paint in the pot to form a covering about a quarter of an inch deep, and *gently* pour it off again the following morning. There will be no scum and the paint is ready for immediate use.—CHARLES L. DENARD, 16 Eldred Street, Carlisle.

Eleven-hour Trip—No Food

TRAVELLING FROM WOLVERHAMPTON to Penzance recently was made quite pleasant by lunch and tea on the train. Not so the return journey, scheduled to take ten hours but which actually took eleven hours. Not a cup of tea or a bite to eat was to be had on the train. The reason, I was told by a railway official, was that the Ministry of Food decides "the greatest need" for the provision of refreshment on trains. Yet, as trains to the south coast taking little over an hour can supply anything in the way of meals, I cannot see why a ten-hour journey does not qualify as a "need."—MISS M. B., Stoke-on-Trent.

British Railways (Western Region) says: "Many additional trains run Saturdays only during the summer and it is not always possible to provide restaurant car facilities. But it is our intention to extend these facilities to all long-distance services as and when circumstances permit."

Baby Brings In A Heavy Mail

I CAN SYMPATHIZE WITH J. G., of Co. Durham ("Free Speech," August 26), who, following an announcement in the local paper of a relative's death, received seven visits from people representing ornamental headstone firms. Three months ago we proudly announced in the local paper the birth of our third son. Since then I have been inundated with circulars and offers of free samples, ranging from foods for baby to shaving cream for his daddy. But I was not seriously perturbed until three letters arrived from firms dealing in birth control appliances. I am sure there are many mothers who will support me in strongly resenting the implication that my children were unwanted.—MRS. G. E. WESTLAKE, 215 Poplar Grove, Kennington, Oxford.

They Share The Chores

MY HUSBAND IS POLISH and we have been married just five weeks. Despite the many differences in our upbringing, education, nationality and so on, we settled down to our new life together almost immediately. Like a lot of married women today who find it impossible to balance their budget on their husbands' pay, I am continuing to work. Life is hectic this way, but we find a great deal of enjoyment from sharing the household chores when we return to the two furnished rooms which we are busy making into a home. —MRS. M. J., London, S.E.26.

John Bull welcomes readers' views, experiences and ideas for publication. A guinea is paid for every letter used. Mark the envelope "Free Speech" and make sure your full name and address are in the letter

THIS WEEK'S COVER

MARKET DAY is Eric Lawson's first cover picture for JOHN BULL. Lawson, who is thirty-five, studied at the Royal College of Art, served in the Army during the war. He now lives in Leicester and spends his holidays roaming through England. "Market day in a country town," he says, "is a wonderful free entertainment for outsiders like myself from the towns and cities."

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for whiter teeth, sweeter breath

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W106

ONE OF MRS. P. DEE'S FAVOURITE RECIPES

Gingerbread

INGREDIENTS. *6 ozs. Flour. 1 level teaspoonful Bicarbonate of Soda. ½ level teaspoonful Pearce Duff's Baking Powder. 1 tablespoonful Sugar. 1 Egg. 1 teaspoonful "The Orient" Ginger. ½ teaspoonful "The Orient" Mixed Spice. 2 ozs. Fat. 2 tablespoonfuls Syrup. Milk to mix.*

METHOD. 1. Sieve dry ingredients. Melt the fat, sugar and syrup in a saucepan. Allow to cool. 2. Add the egg to the dry ingredients, and then add the liquid ingredients, and enough milk to give a fairly stiff 'dropping consistency.' 3. Put the mixture into a well greased and lined tin. Bake in a moderate oven. Regulo 3 or 350° F. for one hour.

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58a REGENT HOUSE, GLASGOW, C.2

Halliday came out of his reverie to hear Il Capo introducing his daughter. And then he had another shock. For a moment his mind stood still

Letter-rack in Umbria

Getting away from his wife was ridiculously easy. But now he had to disappear. That wasn't so easy . . .

by SELWYN JEPSON

THE BROWN DUST OF THE Umbrian hills flowed into the small *piazza* in the wake of the bus and began to settle gently on the red tiles of the village roofs, on the pale green of the lime trees, on the faded pink stripes of the awning above the three iron tables of the Café Morgo.

The bus stopped and dominated the square with its bright blue bulk and vast importance as a means of luxury transport for the dollar and sterling multi-millionaires who came from so far away to admire the beautiful Italy. They came from as far away as Gulchville and Sly-in-the-Marsh, ladies and gentlemen who would spend as much as three hundred and fifty *lire* extra on a route many miles longer than that used by sensible, economical people who wished to go from Florence to Rome.

The eight hundred and thirty-three inhabitants of Celluccia were pleased almost to a man that the great vehicle should pause thus in their *piazza* if only for a few minutes. It lifted the spirit, even if it conferred no material benefit on anyone except perhaps Signora Muccinatti who made *pasticcèria* for the Café Morgo, cakes and pastries alluringly displayed in rectangular iron baking tins behind the fly-blown window of the café; of course she paid the bus-drivers several hundred *lire* a week to stop exactly parallel with the window but no doubt she passed on this expense to the voyagers who became so hungry at the sight of her loaded trays. And they could well afford the inflated prices; Italy was so beautiful.

"Ah!" said Mrs. Halliday in the voice which on and off for the last two hours had dominated the bus in much the same way that the bus now dominated Celluccia; by size, brightness and self-importance. "Yes!" she said, "Henry, I think I'll cut across and buy some of those cakes. You stay there."

"There" was the rear seat which ran the width of the bus where she had put him so that his pipe should not annoy the other passengers, among whom, of course, she included herself.

Mr. Halliday accepted the instruction with that half-ear he had learnt to use with moderate success for so long. You stay there. You, Henry, you Henry Halliday of "The Green Trees," Alfredstone Road, Launton, Somerset—you have learnt by now, surely, by the age of forty-nine, after fifteen years of marriage with Gertrude, that it is futile as well as exceedingly unrestful to question her sensible arrangements for every mortal thing—apart perhaps from your work. Your comings-in and your goings-out, your risings in the mornings, your retirings to bed; these and all else she will organize faithfully and well for you; what you shall and shall not eat, your choice of shirts, golf clubs, Christmas cards, your socks, friends and holidays. Your——

Relax! Relax!

Mr. Halliday had been giving a good deal of

Continued on page 28

ILLUSTRATED BY RICHARD O. ROSE

Learning to live with a wooden leg

by HARVEY GRAHAM, M.D.

The first thing is to stop feeling like a cripple. Even those who have lost both legs can lead normal lives—and if a girl decides to wear nylons hardly anyone will know the difference

AN ACQUAINTANCE OF MINE, a young woman, had just had her leg amputated and her husband came to see me to discuss her future. There were a lot of things he wanted to know, but his main question was: "How much will she be able to get about, and how far is it going to affect our lives?"

Before giving a complete answer I thought I'd seek some guidance from my friend the Director of the Artificial Limb Service at the Ministry of Pensions. This service has twenty-six limb-fitting centres dotted all over the country looking after the 60,000 limbless victims of the two World Wars. And now, under the National Health Service, the centres have already supplied 33,000 artificial limbs for other people in Britain who need them. My friend, whose office is at Roehampton, is one of the pioneer limb surgeons. He knows, perhaps better than anyone, the answers to the questions that are always asked when someone has got over the first shock of losing a limb. I told him about this young woman. "She's attractive, too," I said. "Married only a year ago. They wanted a family. Now the husband wonders whether it is fair to saddle a crippled wife with the job of rearing children."

"One thing an 'amputee' won't be called is a cripple," my friend corrected, reaching down to a bottom drawer from which he produced a large photo-album. "Some of my case histories," he said, flicking over the pages of what looked like a gallery of his friends, some young, some old, many in uniform, all standing on their two feet and smiling. "That young man lost a leg above the knee in the Fleet Air Arm and went back to flying duties; he walks without a limp. That's a girl of thirteen, the only one of a family of seven who survived a direct hit from a bomb; I'll show you a film later in which she skips . . ."

Legless Girl Who Dances

There was the young cricketer who had a dented shin as a result of being bowled l.b.w. and was thankful his shin was metal instead of bone. Another had joked about how his artificial leg had come off while he was walking down Piccadilly and a woman, seeing it, had fainted. There was an ex-W.A.A.F., known at Roehampton as a double-below—meaning both legs off below the knee—who regularly indulges in her favourite pastime of dancing; a radio engineer disarticulated at the hip (there isn't even a stump), who cycles to work and stands at a bench all day; a platform singer admired for her shapely legs, one of which has to be serviced periodically at Roehampton.

Before the limb-fitting service was created, a person wanting a limb was entirely in the hands of the limb maker, who prescribed and fitted one as he thought best. There were then about seventeen limb makers in the country, mostly spare-time craftsmen working in a back room and turning out about a limb a week. Their output was hopelessly inadequate once the batches of limbless wounded had started to arrive.

The Ministry turned to America, where mass-production of limbs had gone ahead since the Civil War in the sixties had left the greatest number of amputee casualties in history. America sent over the nuclei of two firms, who started factories in this country. Ultimately they combined and became an English firm. They are now the biggest limb makers in the world, with a factory at Roehampton employing 900.

What the Ministry's limb-fitting service did was to superimpose the limb surgeon, a new medical specialist with a knowledge of the problems of the limb maker: he wrote a prescription that the limb maker followed in the spirit of a chemist producing a bottle of mixture.

The success of an artificial limb depends primarily on the success of the actual amputation, fortunately more tolerable today than the sort of operation described in *Moby Dick*. Modern surgery has made it a simple, painless and effective job. Incisions are carefully

With a new left leg, a Roehampton patient races his young brother. Once he hardly walked

designed so that flaps of skin can be turned over and stitched to form a neat round scar, well away from the points of pressure between the stump and the artificial limb. Much after-pain is saved nowadays because the sciatic nerve is no longer dragged down and crushed before being tied: the nerve is cut right through.

What still remains, though, is a curious sensation known as "phantom limp." For some time after amputation the patient actually feels the foot that has been removed. He may even feel excruciating pain in it comparable to the pain experienced in the injury or wound that led to amputation. Later he no longer feels the foot, but is conscious of a space below the knee. Eventually, and often slowly, his end-sensations reach the stump itself. Until that happens he can easily forget the loss, particularly on waking up suddenly in the middle of the night and wanting to get out of bed. Then he takes a step with his stump and falls flat.

There is a special problem here because when pain is felt in a phantom stump it can be really severe. This applies to no more than about five per cent of cases but the effects can be most distressing. The pains are due to changes which take place in the cut nerves. Fortunately, a cure which often relieves these pains has been discovered. It is called percussion treatment and consists simply of repeated hammering of the stump where the nerves end. This percussion treatment is not nearly so drastic as it sounds. The hammering is done with a mallet and a small piece of wood on which a metal "dome of silence" is fitted. This provides a smooth contact which will not damage the skin. A piece of rubber at the other end of the wood applicator diminishes the noise of the hammer, and after several minutes, which are not particularly painful, the pain in the non-existent limb disappears. Many patients have now been trained to do the hammering themselves and so keep these pains completely under control until they disappear altogether. This is one of the developments which has been brought about by neurologists rather than by limb surgeons.

The Job Of The Limb Surgeon

The name "limb surgeon" is something of a misnomer. Limb surgeons do not amputate; they are specialists on stumps, advising operating surgeons about the best types of stump to withstand the stresses and strains of later life when the patient is wearing an artificial limb.

After the operation the stump is the limb surgeon's territory, which he must start preparing immediately for the artificial limb. Secure healing is essential. Cut muscles have to be re-educated and exercised to prevent stump deformities. There are several kinds of artificial legs and arms with slightly different control mechanisms and types of suspension. The limb surgeon has to prescribe exactly the right type to suit the patient and his future occupation.

Later the limb has to be aligned and fitted and the patient must be taught how to use it and—most important—rehabilitated mentally. The psychological approach is comparatively new. "It was not taken seriously until we realized that patients were not wearing the limbs we supplied," my friend the director told me. Limbs were being left in attics or pawnshops. Something was wrong. What put Roehampton limb surgeons on the right track was finding out that successful limb wearers were mostly determined types, people of the sort who make a success of anything. "I remember one of my early cases bringing in his leg for urgent repairs," the Director recalls. "He wanted it back in a week. When I inquired why, he said he was riding in the Hexham Steeplechase. He rode all right, and won the event."

If some had learned how to overcome their disability, less determined patients could be taught the same thing; and Roehampton discovered that what really mattered was the state of mind. From then on the word "cripple" was taboo. A person without a limb had merely a slight handicap that proper training could overcome completely. Emphasis shifted from what they could not do, to what they could do.

Everyone at Roehampton has a simple aim—that the people they care for should look normal and should get about as comfortably as their more fortunate associates. Learning to walk takes between seven days for a single amputation below the knee to thirty days for double amputation above the knees, though perfection depends on just how keen the patient is to attain it. An older person is usually content to limp along, but if a young person is limping it is probably due to a refusal to complete training. "I've seen patients walking perfectly in the training school," says the Director. "But on my way to lunch I've passed the same patients in Roehampton Lane, limping enough to make me ashamed. Sheer laziness."

It Makes A Useful Hiding Place

The modern leg is a lightweight wooden or metal appliance that buckles and straps on. It is hollow and frequently serves as a safe place for valuables; in one leg that came to Roehampton for repairs a fitter found £25 that the owner had forgotten to remove. There is the apocryphal story of a leg being used to smuggle a camera and binoculars.

A patient is not usually ready for a new limb until three months after amputation, though his rehabilitation has begun while he is still in bed. He might think that having lost a limb he will be a burden on the family for the rest of his life; so he is shown a film with plenty of action, in which the stars are limbless, perhaps worse off than himself. In bed his body muscles will have lost tone; he goes through remedial exercises, for limb wearing at first is hard work and unless he is fit he may find the strain exhausting and the stump incapable of controlling the limb. He is sent home from hospital on crutches soon after the wound has healed, to return to the limb-fitting centre as an out-patient for his training. The idea is that he and his relatives should get used to having a leg or arm missing in the family; and commuting every day between home and the limb-fitting centre necessarily keeps him more active.

Training is carried out so far as possible in groups; good company makes light work and the competitive spirit produces the best results. Exercises are carefully graded, the patient learning to stand, balance, and step out confidently with the new limb. All the elementary acts of sitting, stopping, turning, getting up, picking things up off the floor have to be carried out with a new technique, and this has to be practised and perfected until it is done unconsciously. The fear of falling has to be conquered. The art of falling safely and of getting up again easily has to be learned. Patients are tripped up again and again; it is better to learn how to fall at Roehampton than on the street. Darts, table tennis, indoor hockey, golf and clock golf take the emphasis off training and develop confidence.

Zips Have To Replace Buttons

The British artificial arm is the best and most effective in the world. Though nothing can replace the lost functions of the human hand, it is commonplace to find people using cutlery, writing, striking matches, smoking cigarettes, driving cars, shaving, using typewriters or the telephone and performing practically every daily task at work and at home with both arms off above the elbow. Only the button refuses to be done up—so they used a zip.

A sailor described how his new right arm had become so much a part of him that he was seldom conscious he was wearing it. A month before, he had got into an argument in a Portsmouth pub. The argument became a fight and a moment later he had socked the other fellow with his artificial right and to everyone's astonishment had put him out for the count.

Training an arm amputation case begins in the ward, where the patient is made to realize that the remaining stump is of positive value to him. By bandaging or strapping on cutlery or a pencil he is made to eat or write, the purpose being that while the stump is healing he is being prepared mentally and physically for the new limb. But, in some hospitals, once the surgeon has operated the patient may receive an excess of sympathy. He is waited on hand and foot, with the result he will come to the limb-fitting centre with a stump too weak to lift.

At Roehampton, I met Reg Rawlings, an arm amputee instructor who lost his left arm in the Navy in 1944. "I've trained about 3,000 people," he said. "'I don't think any are dissatisfied.'" He produced a pencil portrait of a man's head. "That was done by one of my trainees, with both arms gone above the elbows. He didn't know he was an artist until he came here. He now teaches art for the L.C.C."

The Director and I went back to his office. "You can tell that worried husband that how his wife walks is entirely up to her," he said. "We'll give her a limb that few people besides a limb surgeon could tell from the natural one, even through sheer nylon. The expert can always tell. He looks at the ankle, where a stocking normally creases. There won't be a crease at an artificial ankle, unless the wearer thinks of putting one there." THE END

First steps back to normal life. Learning to walk unaided may take from a week to a month

For nineteen years she thought this arm was nearly useless. Now she starts to write again

THE EMBRY ESCAPE: Part 2 of the thrilling story of Air Marshal Sir Basil Embry, told by Anthony Richardson

"Go!" came the colonel's voice. At once Embry dived into the ditch head first and lay still

Dive for freedom; then new dangers

As a Wing Commander pilot, Basil Embry (now Commander-in-Chief of Britain's Fighter Command) was shot down over France in 1940 after bombing advancing Nazi troops. He spent his first night of capture in a stable at General Guderian's headquarters . . .

FATIGUED THOUGH HE WAS, Embry slept but intermittently. There was little straw on the cobbles of the stable stalls and the stones themselves were still pungent with the sharp smell of ammonia. Some twenty German soldiers lay sprawled nearby, and all night long there was movement—of men entering, unbuckling their equipment and throwing it aside before they, too, stumbled down and sank into fitful sleep; of the continual starting up and accelerating roar of dispatch riders' motor cycles in the yard outside.

In the early hours, when vitality ebbs low, the first hint of homesickness reached Embry. Knowing the term to be fatuous, he called it "homesickness" to himself, lying on the cold rubble floor, because any other and stronger phrase might have proved unnerving. It would be quite intolerable even to contemplate that he might never see the chaps again—nor his wife and his sons and daughter.

But being himself, he mastered himself, and when morning came he strolled out into the yard, his hands in his pockets and an inscrutable, quizzical smile on his face.

The yard was wide and spacious with a high wall around it, and a double-door gateway, with a guard mounted on the threshold. The chateau towered high at the far end, and the stables and harness-room and garages flanked the other three walls. Through a door at the head of a short flight of steps on the chateau side a stream of orderlies moved constantly up and down, or ranged in and out through the gateway. Here was all the turmoil and intense activity of a headquarters. Embry wondered where he was, and what a tremendous and satisfying miracle it would be if he could only discover and by some means bring the squadron over and lay all the buildings and their inhabitants flat with the earth.

He noticed a group of French children who had wandered in, and with whom the German

Ten years later, Sir Basil Embry finds the exact spot where he escaped from the prisoner-of-war column and was helped by a French cow-girl

The Air Marshal meets the priest of Hucqueliers again. Marcel (left) was the man who gave him a hot potato in 1940

soldiers, scattered about the yard, were sharing their chocolate ration. He wandered in the direction of them and watched a while, and when one small girl in pigtails had difficulty with her morsel, he took it from her and removed the silver paper, which in her eagerness she had forgotten. She laughed, and Embry laughed at her, and the soldiers laughed as well. "If you don't take the paper off," said Embry, "you'll get a tummy-ache." He rubbed his midriff, rolled his eyes. She shook her head, but squealed her delight, and one of the Germans plucked at her pigtail, and the other children clapped their hands.

German With A U.S. Accent

"She's sure a pretty little girl," said a voice at Embry's elbow. The fluency of speech, the unmistakable American intonation, caused Embry to glance sharply round, almost in the expectancy of facing a fellow prisoner-of-war. He saw instead a tall German soldier, his steel helmet pushed to the back of his head, and his hands on his hips. "When were you last in America?" said Embry.

"I was there for several years some way back."

"You liked it?"

"Yeah! Maybe I'll go back there again, when we've finished with this war. Well, it'll be over soon and I'll be glad. I've a family."

"So have I," said Embry.

"That's tough—for you."

"Maybe it'll be tough for you, too."

"No. No. It's in the bag."

Embry heard them first. The distant low throbbing of advancing aeroplanes. He listened intently, and his ear, tuned to the sound, recognized them immediately as British. Someone from the gateway shouted. The yard began to clear and the children ran towards the stable. A German driver tripped over a pile of rubble and swore. Embry grinned. Then he saw the formation in the space between the surrounding trees. It was flying at about 6,000 feet and as he watched he could see the puffs of flak smoke exploding behind it.

"You ought to teach your people to shoot ahead of their target," said Embry.

"Yeah? Well, maybe they hit their mark at times. You're a prisoner?" The formation wheeled out of sight and passed.

"Yes," said Embry. "I was shot down yesterday."

"Well, that's how it goes." With a lie coming readily to his lips, Embry glanced at him and said quietly: "It's not the first time."

"No?"

"I'm a Regular officer and I saw service in Iraq. I had to force-land and was taken prisoner."

"How did they treat you? I've heard the Arabs have nasty ways with a knife."

"I escaped."

"You did?"

"I'm a wealthy man. Lucky I am. I had a word with the Arab escort. It cost me £500."

"Five hundred pounds! That's a lot of money in dollars."

"Just what I was thinking," said Embry. There was a pause. Gradually the yard was filling up again. An officer came to the door at the top of the stairs and shouted. His face was purple with rage.

"Well, *I* didn't run," said the German. "Maybe," said Embry, "you might have been too interested in hearing what I might have to say."

"Maybe I might be. Maybe I might not be. Maybe I might surmise what you're going to suggest. That after the war is over you will deposit a certain sum of money in a certain bank in a certain place, and that I shall collect, provided I help you out of here."

"You must be a thought-reader," said Embry. "Did you learn that during your stay in America?"

"No," said the German. "No, I can't say I learned that one. But I did learn not to be taken for a sucker." And shouldering his rifle, he turned abruptly and made his way back to the stables.

Police Collect The Prisoner

The German Field Security Police who came shortly afterwards to collect Embry in their car wore breastplates held in place by chains around their necks. They went about their business unconcernedly, talking with their friends at the gate, and later lingering for a further story while they wrote out their receipt for their prisoner at the stable guardroom. It was, Embry felt, like being signed for as a piece of rather inferior equipment. Obeying instructions, he sat beside the driver in the front seat. The second policeman, his tommy gun across his knees, kept watch in the rear.

The country around the château was thickly wooded and the turreted walls were almost immediately lost to view as they drove off. Embry's spirits revived. He should have known, he told himself, that all those whom he encountered at this stage would be men completely loyal to their cause. If the war should drag on for years, then maybe in the later phases, with a declining morale, bribery might achieve its object, but not now. A more direct approach was needed. He thought of the woods around them, and the more he contemplated their density, the more the temptation grew to make an attempt to escape.

They had left a better-class road and taken to a rough track with the trees and undergrowth thick on either side. At times the branches almost interlocked overhead, so that they drove through an arboreal tunnel in the subdued light of an early morning which was already turning to rain. It was ideal country for a breakaway. But within two feet of his back was a loaded automatic rifle, and he knew there would be no hesitation in using it.

Inspiration—And Then Anguish

From time to time, the track became so rough that they were forced to slow down almost to walking pace, and twice the temptation to jump for it and take a chance was wellnigh overwhelming; and twice his better judgment kept him in his seat. It was only a matter of yards to the friendly shelter of the trees, and once among them, he would be able to dodge and zigzag his way between them, so that a burst of fire might be deflected and fail to reach him. That he was prepared to risk. It was the initial couple of yards that offered the supreme difficulty. And the range would be point-blank. The car lurched and he clutched at the side to steady himself.

It was the wicked lurch of the vehicle that gave him the inspiration. And the moment he had made up his mind, he began to suffer that intensity of suspense that only a prisoner-of-war intent on escape can know. Years later he was to discuss this self-same point with other escapists, and each was to agree on the particular agony of mind of a man, when on the move, preparing to make his attempt, waiting for the precise second, refusing it, missing it, condemning himself for losing an opportunity, and preparing again in an anguish of uncertainty and expectation.

So it was now. He knew what he was going to do. He was going to grab the wheel and wreck

the car. In the subsequent confusion he would make his bid. He thought hard. He would turn the car over, if possible on its left side, in the hope of pinning the driver beneath his wheel and possibly throwing himself clear. The chief danger would be broken bones. Even a sprained ankle would defeat his purpose. He made a rapid calculation of the credit and debit of the risks. Alone on the credit side was the element of surprise in his favour. It appeared to him a fifty-fifty chance. He would have preferred shorter odds.

From that moment the whole world was concentrated on the jolting front seat of a car. Nothing else in the universe mattered but the ensuing series of jolts. As each one came, he exaggerated its reaction, throwing himself a little more vigorously, inclining each time first more towards the side of the car and then towards the driver. He prepared himself for the mother and father of all the jolts that Providence could provide. It came. He flung himself violently against the driver, seized the wheel and made to swing it over.

He knew immediately that he had failed and that his failure was not due to lack of resolution or any fear of the unpredictable. It was due to the simple fact that he hadn't thought the project out thoroughly enough. He had not taken into consideration the strength which was obviously needed to keep any car on its course on a passage so irregular as the one they were on. The driver's hands had been too fast on the wheel.

The Policy: Hunger And Cold

The car swerved dangerously, but immediately resumed its course. Driver and escort shouted at the same time. He had no doubt of the nature of the words they used. Minutes later they were clear of the woods and in open country. When he looked down he saw the nozzle of the tommy gun resting on the back of the seat between him and the driver. It remained there till they reached their destination. It was approaching ten o'clock in the morning when they arrived at the little town of Desvres. The rain was now falling heavily. He was hungry again and cold. And it seemed to him that no doubt hunger and cold would be part of the policy to keep truculent prisoners subdued.

It was ironic that the football stadium at Desvres should have been selected as a prisoners' cage. As a football ground it was full, but with a sadly unfamiliar crowd. Here were the prisoners taken at Calais: Dutch, French, Belgians, and, among the British, members of the Queen's Westminsters, the Rifle Brigade, the Royal Artillery and the 60th Rifles. Embry was handed over at the gates and directed to the grandstand, which had been reserved for officers.

It was a dismal sight at which he stared. The mass of the prisoners, exhausted from fighting before Calais and from their long march, lay on the rain-sodden turf, now churned by many feet into mud. He turned his back on the scene and saw immediately in his rear, several steps up, among a group of three Army colonels and a chaplain, two Royal Air Force officers. He made his way towards them. "My name's Embry," he said.

"Mine is Treacy, sir. And this is Flying Officer Carsenover." They shook hands. Treacy said: "You must be careful what you say." He glanced around him. "You never know."

Machine Guns And Sentries

At noon on the same day they all fell in for marching. Men at the head of the column, officers in the rear. No food nor drink of any kind had been provided. The rain fell in torrents as they left Desvres. Embry marched with Treacy and a gunner who was lame from the march from Calais. They helped him along with one of his arms around Embry's shoulder, and the other round Flight Lieutenant Treacy's. The gunner's ground sheet, which he had miraculously preserved, could scarcely cover the three of them.

The column was closely guarded. The formation of fours in column of route was preserved in an orderly fashion, but every fifty yards, intersectioned into the column, was a German lorry with machine guns mounted fore and aft with their crews to cover the length of trailing men in both directions. Armed German sentries on bicycles patrolled the column ceaselessly, riding from its head to the rear, turning about when they had reached the far end and passing to the front again.

Within the hour, with Treacy's help, Embry managed to work their way to the nearest lorry, and after fierce argument contrived to get their companion, the lame gunner, a lift. Thereafter, under the uncertain shelter of the Army officer's groundsheet, which they had retained in fair exchange for their assistance, they marched on.

The rain never ceased. It fell with a soul-destroying deliberation. It seemed to wash all

Sir Basil Embry shows a John Bull photographer the "good omen" signpost

coherent thought from the mind, to shut out the long, slow misery of the march. So it was only when they reached the large village of Hucqueliers at seven o'clock in the evening that, shivering and gasping, halted at last in the square, Embry realized that he might all these hours ago have made a dash for it.

And again he experienced that sense of frustration and exasperation with his own ineptitude which he had already experienced with the Field Service Police, and he felt that he must act swiftly before the shrewd German treatment of exposure and exhaustion dimmed a spirit even as exuberant as he knew his own to be. Then, almost before he knew what they were about, the guards had separated the officer prisoners from the men, and they were in the village church. This, then, was where they were to spend the night. With Treacy at his side he made his way up the aisle and took possession of a choir stall.

In his relief the hard wooden seat seemed like his favourite chair in the mess. He rested for a little while, his head on his hands, while the rain water ran down his legs and rapidly made a pool beneath him. It was like draining a dripping sponge. All around was the movement of shuffling feet and bodies struggling against one another to find any kind of resting place. When he looked up, the air was thick with the sweaty steam of his fellow prisoners, but very soon the heaving mass of men had settled down.

Then he was aware that a priest was among them and in his train a score of villagers, with bundles of straw and buckets of hot potatoes. They passed among the prisoners, and while Treacy managed to obtain an armful of bedding, Embry himself was lucky enough to get a potato. They shared both potato and bedding between them. The evening deepened. The oil lamps of the church had been lit and a pale ghastly light lit the strange scene of half-naked men, stripped of their streaming clothes, sprawled across chancel, aisle and pew. He, too, removed his uniform and wrung out his shirt, spreading it to dry as well as it might over the carven seat.

"We Must Stick Together"

After a while he said: "I am going to escape. What about you?" Treacy said: "Yes. When?"

"I don't know," said Embry. "I've already tried twice and pretty poor efforts they were. It'll have to be somewhere on the march, I think. We must stick together."

"Can't we break out of here?"

"There are guards inside, and they'll be posted outside as well."

They were roused at four o'clock in the morning by the guards shouting to them to dress. At five o'clock they were marshalled in the square and fell in with the British officers in the rear of the column and just ahead of the last armed lorry. The rain had ceased and the sun was breaking through.

Embry took his place in a rank of four with two lieutenant-colonels and with Treacy in the rank immediately ahead. They moved off as the early shadows began to shorten across the square. Two hours later, at the first halt, Embry told the senior colonel that he intended to escape.

As the sun rose an extraordinary state of tension became apparent within the column. It apparently originated somewhere in the foremost ranks where trouble may have broken out, and the rumour circulated down to the rear that there was no destination in sight, but merely an execution ground where the column would be liquidated. The apprehension around him served to quicken Embry's wits. He watched carefully.

When the column moved through wooded or hilly country, the guards became doubly alert. The sentries stood up in their lorries and the machine gun crews took post. Embry wondered if there had been an attempt at a breakaway previously somewhere ahead. He said to Treacy: "We take our chance when the country's open. The guards relax then. I'll arrange it and let you know what I've done and am about to do."

Checking by the Army officer's compass, he noticed at midday that the column changed direction. Glancing to his right at a crossroads, he saw to his amazement on the signpost: Embry 3 kilometres. He broke out laughing, tapped Treacy on the shoulder, pointed out the sign and said: "There's your omen for you."

The Scene Is Set For Escape

Thereafter he acted quickly. It was no difficult matter to reshuffle the ranks immediately in his rear so that the tallest prisoners marched between himself and the armed truck. Short in stature, he was reasonably confident that he would be only partially visible to the sentry in the lorry. They were now in open country with a ditch on either side of the road. The guards were relaxed. He asked the senior colonel, to whom he had reported his intention, to keep an eye on the lorry sentry and, when his head was turned away, to say "Go." He himself would watch the cyclist patrol.

They marched on. Five minutes later the voice behind him said: "Go!" Before he could move, the armed cyclist pedalled by. "Keep on watching," said Embry tensely. He could feel his fingernails biting into the palms of his hands. His lips were dry and he wanted to swallow. The

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British-born Joan Harrison is one of Hollywood's two women film producers. She began as a £3-a-week film secretary—by way of a degree at Oxford

Girl Friday wins the credit lines

by NORMAN PHILLIPS

Starting as Hitchcock's humble maid-of-all-work, Joan Harrison learned enough about films to become a top producer. Her pet subject: the extraordinary things that happen to ordinary people

THE DISTANCE FROM Guildford to Mayfair, via Woking and Waterloo, is approximately thirty miles, but to a tall, cool blonde with china-blue eyes, by the name of Joan Harrison, the journey is 8,000 miles longer. Miss Harrison, who was born in Guildford thirty-six years ago, is currently living in a fifth-floor suite at Claridge's. Her route from Guildford to Mayfair passed through Hollywood.

In Hollywood, the attractively efficient Miss Harrison ranks as one of the town's two women producers. In Mayfair, she is now plying this lucrative profession by making a film, *White Heather*, for David E. Rose, against a British background. The settings for this new Harrison picture include Covent Garden, Chiswick Mall, the Devonshire coast, a Welsh coalmine and a loch in Scotland. They are all found in a plot concocted, in co-operation with Philip MacDonald, by a scriptwriter named Joan Harrison.

Far from creating any problem of a split personality, the fact that producer Harrison films the work of writer Harrison is a very cosy arrangement, both financially and mentally, for the girl from Guildford. "If you are a writer and you hand your story over to a producer," she says, "he often makes so many changes in it that the story comes out on the screen an absolute mix-up. And your soul suffers."

Joan's soul suffered more than a little in Hollywood until she became a producer-writer. She was handed this happy assignment just at a moment when she had decided that Hollywood was no place for a writer to retain her peace of mind.

"I had just had a very frustrating year," she recalls. "I had done a script for Charles Boyer—and then he left the company, so the film wasn't made. I did another story for another company—and the producer had it rewritten so that it was unrecognizable. Then I did one for Clark Gable—and *he* went off to the wars and *that* picture wasn't made. I was ready to give up films altogether."

At this point Miss Harrison's agent brought her a story called *Phantom Lady*. "It needed a lot of changes," she says, "and I decided to turn it down. The company wanted to know why I wouldn't do the script and I told them I needed a free hand to make sure the changes I made got into the film. To my surprise, the company replied that if I felt so strongly about the way my script should be produced I should come and produce it myself."

Joan's promotion to producer was not as simple as all that. In addition to being a highly competent writer, she also had served an apprenticeship in film-making under the guidance of that old master Alfred Hitchcock. Learning to make films under Hitchcock included an advanced course in practical joking. Joan, who was the portly director's secretary, frequently found herself involved in such pranks as ordering twenty tons of coal to be delivered to the tiny, centrally heated flat of one of the production assistants.

"The poor man had no place to put all the coal," she recalls. "But the deliveryman insisted on unloading every lump of the twenty tons."

Working with Hitchcock was, however, not all

Joan and Robert Montgomery made a happy "find" in Wanda Hendrix. She was *the* girl for their film

practical joking. The director took his secretary into casting conferences, budget sessions and script talks as well as on to the set. The alert newcomer from Guildford soon found chances to write synopses, then extra dialogue and, finally, scripts. When Hitchcock left for Hollywood to make *Rebecca*, Joan went along to prepare the screen treatment. For this assignment she was teamed with Robert Sherwood, a leading American playwright.

As Hitchcock's Girl Friday, Joan Harrison became an expert on another Hitchcock habit—his policy of inserting his own fourteen-stone figure as unobtrusively as possible into each of his films. "Hitch's momentary appearances," Joan says, "were always a surprise to everyone. Once he played a deaf-and-dumb character. Another time he was a man taking pictures. Whatever he did, however, he would never try to steal a scene from an actor. He'd just come along in some scene and announce, 'Today's the day,' and then he'd step in front of the camera himself."

Her Suit Fitted The Part

Unlike Hitchcock, Joan has not appeared in any of her own pictures, but she has literally contributed the clothes off her own back to achieve the effect she wanted. Her wardrobe made its début in a film called *They Won't Believe Me*, in which Jane Greer was playing the part of a career girl in love with Robert Young. "A situation came up," Joan says, "where we needed an extra costume for Jane. It had to be the type of dress that a girl who worked for a living would be able to buy for herself. I started to describe the sort of thing—you know, navy blue, semi-tailored. Then I looked at myself and discovered I was describing just the suit I had on."

Joan phoned home for her maid to bring down another suit. In the meantime, she stripped off the clothes she was wearing and handed them to the star. The picture-making went on without any costly delay.

"This is the fun," Joan says of her work as a producer. "The mistakes are all your own. The producer is responsible for the finished product, and that means checking every detail. I like to do films, and my favourite subjects are about extraordinary things that happen to ordinary people. This is dramatic."

The habit of starting her sentences by saying "This is . . ." is one of the Americanisms Joan has picked up in Hollywood.

"Writing George Raft dialogue or 'dese and dose' talk does not come easy to me," says Joan. The explanation may be found in the fact that she studied at the Sorbonne in Paris and took a degree at Oxford before entering films as Hitchcock's £3-a-week secretary. Now her accent is one of those international ones which English people call American and Americans type as British.

"Every time I go back to Hollywood from Britain, my friends talk about my English accent," she declares. The last of these occasions was a year ago after Miss Harrison completed in England *Your Witness*, a film in which Robert Montgomery was star and director.

Montgomery's trick of directing himself is one Joan admires. "This is a very tough thing for a man to do," she says. "Montgomery rehearses a scene fully. Then he substitutes the stand-in and watches the rehearsal with the cameraman. Montgomery goes in himself for the last two rehearsals. Then the shooting starts. It all goes very smoothly and the only thing that ever startled me was once when Montgomery was playing a love scene. In the middle of a clinch, with his arms around the girl, Montgomery yelled 'Cut!' "

Search For A Madonna

Another Montgomery film Joan produced was *Ride the Pink Horse*, which gave Wanda Hendrix her first important part. "We were looking for a child with the face of a young Madonna," Joan declares, "and up to two weeks before we had to start shooting we'd had no luck. We'd even searched Mexico for a suitable girl. Then one Saturday I met Billy Wilder, who recently made *Sunset Boulevard*, at a tennis club and he told me he'd just seen some interesting tests of a young actress. I dashed off to see them, still in my tennis clothes.

"I knew it was *the* girl the moment I saw the test. The question was whether Montgomery would like her. He was playing golf but he dropped everything to come and look at the same test. 'That's the girl,' he said, and we were able to get her. It was Wanda Hendrix."

Joan's next task was persuading some New Mexico Indians to appear in the film. The Indians, who lived in *adobe* huts built on terraces, did not seem excited about the prospect of appearing before motion picture cameras. "What finally persuaded them? Money, of course," Joan declares, "but the negotiations also required considerable tact. The Indians invited us to a friendship dance. It was a very simple dance, just a slow shuffle, but it went on and on and on. It would have been considered rude to stop dancing, so there was nothing for it but to keep on shuffling around. We all ended up good friends. What was more important, our hosts agreed to work for us."

In contrast to the hesitant Indians, the people of Westmill in Essex almost overwhelmed Joan with their hospitality and eagerness to co-operate in a film she made last year. Westmill was the location for scenes in *Your Witness*, and the villagers supplied tea and even sherry for the film crews. "Miss Harrison is very good at finding ideal places in England," says David E. Rose, a quiet-spoken American who heads the company employing Joan. "We are trying to make pictures with British backgrounds, and Miss Harrison provides both suitable stories and an intimate knowledge of the country."

Film companies normally employ a location manager to find suitable spots for their productions. According to Rose, Miss Harrison recently surprised their location manager by finding her own locations. "We needed a lock on the Thames," Rose says. "Joan didn't wait for someone to find one. She jumped in a car and discovered one herself. Then *she* told the location manager where it was. Joan just has to be in on everything."

This attention to detail is a habit Joan credits to her upbringing in British films. She has a great admiration for Charles Laughton, whom she watched making *Jamaica Inn* for Hitchcock. "Laughton worries intensely," Joan says. "Two days before shooting time on *Jamaica Inn*, he had almost everyone on the set worried as to whether he had the right approach to the part. He does terrific research to make sure he knows all about the character he is playing."

He Spat And Became Famous

Just what research Laughton did for his first London stage part, Joan is not sure. Laughton's first rôle called for him to sit on the stage for the entire first act and say nothing. At the end of the act, just before the curtain fell, Laughton had to spit. "He spat as no man had ever spat before," Joan says. "The critics all dashed out asking for the identity of this wonderful new actor. And, of course, he has lived up to that reputation ever since."

Joan does most of her scripts in her Hollywood home, a modern, redwood house in Holmey Hills which she had built for her. "It's designed to trap sun," she declares, "and I have a glassed-in patio that is just like having a garden in the middle of your house."

The Harrison headquarters has a den fully equipped with typewriter and desk, but Joan does most of her writing in the living-room. "I cart the typewriter around with me and then walk up and down wearing out the rugs," she says. "I have a routine that starts with housekeeping between nine and ten, followed by writing from then until twelve thirty. I like an hour for tennis, then lunch and back to work from three until six. If I didn't set myself a timetable I just wouldn't work."

Nevertheless, her capacity for work sometimes floors the men who work with her. The first day of her first producing assignment saw her prowling around the sets long after the cast had gone home. "I was just checking on things for the next day," Joan recalls, "when I heard a long wolf whistle from two of the stage hands. I didn't say anything then but you should have seen their faces a day later when they heard me being introduced as the new producer!"

Indeed, she sets such a pace that if you ask why she's still single, Joan replies: "Because I'm always so busy. And I don't think any man would stand for that!" THE END

The lighthouse keeper's toughest billet

by DENNIS HOLMAN

The guardians of lonely Wolf Rock bake their own bread, fish by kite and don't expect any mod. cons. But time, they say, flies

A launch—and shore leave—awaits below: keeper being taken off Wolf Rock after tour of duty

LAND'S END HAS SWUNG slowly past the starboard rail and is diminishing over the wake of Trinity House Ship *Satellite*. From the bridge the captain and first officer watch an erect pencil of light on the horizon lifting and dipping over the bows of the ship. On the forward hatch is a stack of drums and crates marked *Wolf Rock Lighthouse*; and over the port rail Assistant Keeper Burgess, a dark, slightly built Cornishman in his forties is looking out to sea. It is a fine day, though Burgess, with twenty years' experience as a lighthouse keeper, is not certain whether the Atlantic swell will allow his being put on the Wolf Rock for his two months' tour of duty.

As the *Satellite* drops anchor a quarter mile off the Wolf, the captain speaks into the R.T. set: "Hallo, Wolf. Morning, Mr. Stevens. The weather looks okay to me. Do you think we can effect relief? Over." The set whirls and back comes a crackling reply: "Hallo, *Satellite*. This is Wolf. Yes, it looks all right, sir. I'll go down and start getting things ready. . . ."

The provisions are now in the launch, Burgess sitting on one of the crates among the party of life-jacketed seamen, with the coxwain at the tiller heading them towards the lighthouse. They go first to a buoy anchored fifty yards to the lee of the lighthouse, attach a line to the buoy and approach the rock, carefully playing out the line which is made fast over the stern to hold them off the rock as near as the coxswain will risk going. The bow is then secured by two hawsers to the lighthouse platform; between the three ropes the launch is kept in position, only moving up and down with the swell.

First man out of the launch by the crane hoist, with one foot in the loop of the bowline-knot and the other hooked round the rope, is the second officer. Burgess follows: the act has as little excitement for him as if he worked in the City and were catching the 8.20 of a Monday morning, except that he is concerned about his gear coming on to the platform after him and being hitched from there by block and tackle to the window on the fourth floor of the lighthouse.

Beds Built On A Curve

When the relief has been effected the second officer is swung back into the launch. Principal Keeper Stevens and Assistant Keeper Allen cast them off, wave to the departing relief, and begin unlashing the liftline along the weather side of the platform.

Leaving them to it Burgess climbs the twenty steel rungs up the vertical face of the tower, pulls himself up into the entrance room, begins his ascent, like a beetle spiralling up a telescope, past coal bunkers, oil and water storage tanks, battery accumulators, up to the generator room; the donkey engine room; the crane-room, stacked with his gear; the living-room, thirteen feet in diameter, with black-leaded range and scrubbed wooden furniture; the radio room; the bedroom, with two tiers of bunks built on the curve; the service room, with the giant clockwork mechanism for working the optical apparatus overhead; and out by a hatch to the gallery.

Below him, a quarter mile off, smoke funnelling out furiously, lies the *Satellite*. Presently she will turn and steam back to Penzance. Burgess thinks of Penzance and of his wife in their little house by the sea a little way out of town: if this were the Longships Lighthouse, off Land's End, she'd live in a keeper's cottage within sight of the lighthouse and they'd signal to each other in semaphore, as they had done for the five and a half years he had served there.

Contact means a great deal to a keeper's peace of mind, even if messages rarely get more exciting than "Johnny's cut a tooth," or "the cat's had kittens." But the Wolf cuts a man off for two months. She offers no compensations: the toughest, most uncomfortable, most hated lighthouse off the British coast, she barely compromises with human needs: her equipment is

Keepers Burgess (left) and Stevens on gallery of Wolf Rock. The first watch began in 1879

In lantern turret Stevens prepares paraffin burner. Massive lenses that rotate around it flash out 750,000-candlepower beams of light

antique, her engines are outdated, she has no refrigeration, no w.c., no bath.

Well out into the Atlantic, she stands full in the face of its gales, its seas crashing off the rock and often blown up the curve of the tower. They have broken three-quarter inch thick glass panes of the lantern turret. Last winter a stout oaken R.T. mast, six inches square at the base, was snapped off where it had been bolted to the gallery 100 feet above the rock. So every window of the lighthouse has to be battened down through the long winter months, till the air inside becomes dank with the smell of paraffin oil, human bodies and stale cabbage.

For a keeper there is no such thing as a walk on the rock platform: even in calm weather the Atlantic cannot be trusted. When they clean the platform before a relief, a keeper wears a lifejacket and goes out on a lifeline. One man who took a chance was carried off without warning. He swam round for half an hour before his mates realized what had happened, by which time a high sea was running and nothing could be done.

Leaving the gallery, Burgess enters the lantern turret and tugs the screen round the massive dioptric lenses that rotate at night round a paraffin burner flashing 750,000-candlepower beams like spokes of a white cartwheel. The sun must be screened out: it can make the inside of the lantern most uncomfortable, occasionally burning a hole in an unwary keeper's clothes.

Stevens is in the service room, writing in the record book: "Relief effected at 10.30 hours in fair weather. . . ." Burgess knows the book well, having turned back the pages to dates when Nazi pilots used to dive and machine-gun the light for target practice. An enemy submarine collided with the rock and was seen to lurch up on to the platform, exposing its belly, and fall back into the water to sink 200 yards off.

Records at the Wolf go back to the first watch in 1879: the tower had taken several years to build, the stones, bonded together with dovetails and trenails, having been assembled first on land before being shipped piecemeal to the rock. The weather did not make things very easy; one year only nine days' work was done. There was the same problem building the Bell Rock Lighthouse off the coast of Scotland, where, the story goes, the seas seemed to settle down only on the Sabbath, the day Scotsmen refuse to work. The builder, anxious to catch every rare opportunity, offered double rates if, weather permitting, the men worked on Sunday. The men talked it over and their spokesmen came back with the reply: "We'll nae be tempted wi' yer double rates on the Sabbath. We'll work for nothing but the glory of God and the good of mankind."

"I've sent the jib back: the ends don't fit proper," Stevens tells Burgess. He is a small, grey-haired man in his fifties, with the pasty look a keeper gets after a month's enclosed existence. Nothing about Stevens fulfils the popular notion of keepers—the men of the sea and the Bible, the granite men of silence who belong to a race apart. Stevens is cheery, good-natured, brisk, with twenty-nine years' experience behind him. He earns about £35 a month for a job that few else would touch for a hundred.

Fishing By Remote Control

Back in the living-room, Burgess puts away his food supplies. A keeper buys his own for a tour of duty and is given an allowance to cover the cost, though, as one keeper put it, the allowance has not been increased for fifty years.

"We muck in together," Burgess had explained the day before. "So every time a man comes on relief there's fresh fruit and greens on the table for a week." They bake their own bread; pot their own meat by packing it chopped up into earthen jars, cooking slowly for three hours and topping the jars with melted mutton fat. Sometimes in calm weather, the French crabbers, whose lives depend very much on the light, come alongside and throw a bag of crabs on the platform; or with a moderate off-shore wind there is hope of fish for supper. The story goes that the keepers fish with a kite from the gallery; the baited hook is attached to a line from the tail of the kite which is played out until the line dips into the water; a bite and a tug on the tail alters the kite's angle to the wind; up it soars with a plaice or bass wriggling on the end of the line and the keeper hauls it in.

Feeding problems begin when the reliefs become overdue. In theory, four keepers are assigned to a rock station, each to perform a two-month duty on the rock, followed by twenty-eight clear days ashore, with a supernumerary assistant keeper sent for a month every fourth tour to make the rotation possible. In practice, all a keeper can be certain of is his twenty-eight days ashore. If this is extended because of bad weather, it is the misfortune of the man on the rock waiting to come off.

Two years ago, food had to be landed on the Wolf by helicopter after the relief had been three weeks overdue. But Burgess himself has done a ninety-three days' stretch there, and the record is 105 days. At Smalls Lighthouse, off the Welsh coast, one keeper chalked up 120, in the days when only two men did duty together on a lighthouse: after a few weeks, his mate died and the keeper could not very well bury him at sea as the body would be needed to prove a natural death. So he lashed the corpse to the gallery rail. Relieved four months later he was practically starving and nearly off his head.

Duties on the Wolf are arranged in watches of four hours on and eight off. At night the light must be watched and tended continuously; it is a continuous watch by day and by night with the fog signal during a fog. Daily routine jobs include polishing 350 square feet of glass in the optical apparatus, washing fifty-six lantern panes inside and out, sweeping, charring the tower, pumping water, cooking, baking bread, bringing oil up from the storage tanks below.

When the gale strikes the Cornish coast that night the Wolf takes its full impact. When his turn comes Burgess gets out of his curved bunk and climbs to the service room. His first job is to wind up the clockwork weight, suspended through the core of the lighthouse, that has been grinding the bi-form lenses round on their steel rollers for seventy-one years.

The sea thunders on the rock below; the tower trembles; the gale screams outside the turret. Overhead the light flares noisily, the mechanism clanking and grinding under it, with a bright trellis of light and shadow moving slowly round the room, over oil cans, the stack of reserve lantern panes, over Burgess's body and face.

On night watch again, he feels suddenly and curiously adjusted: his mind is orientated; the pattern is clear and he knows his place in it. He remembers the wool rug he has promised to make his brother-in-law, and decides he had better get started on it right away. Already a day has passed, and he knows from experience, working on the rock, that time just flies. THE END

JOHN BULL September 16 1950

SORE TRIAL

by ***DUDLEY HOYS***

ILLUSTRATED BY PAUL RAINER

There was no proof against the crooked dealer, and no way, it seemed, that old Tom could get his own back. But he could wait

THE TRUTH ABOUT THAT affair at the Caldermouth sheep-dog trials took a long time to leak out. When it eventually got known, everybody laughed on and off for days. In Iredale we like to chew our cud of amusement to the last drop of juice. What happened was the rightful repayment, with heavy interest, of a thoroughly dirty trick.

The beginning of it all cropped up in a natural and harmless fashion one greyish summer morning on Iredale Fell. Old Tom Gainford, of Wall End, was gathering his Herdwicks for clipping, and I had gone across to lend a hand.

Tom, who is white-haired and rock-featured, with pale, kindly blue eyes, has the most awkward stretch of fell grazing in Cumberland, a chaos of hummocks and small peaks and deep ravines laced by becks. A dog gets out of sight in no time. But he was able to plod along without much deviation because of that splendid curbitch of his, Nell. Smooth-haired and rather resembling a large fox terrier, she was doing her stuff in a way that would have gladdened the heart of any working shepherd.

At one spot, where a scree-sprawled rise blocked the view in front of him, he merely called: "E—Nell! There!" Away she went, over the top and out of sight, and was back in a few minutes with seventeen sheep and their lambs. A dog that can rustle sheep up on its own, without detailed orders, is a boon and a blessing.

"That Nell of yours is grand," I said. "You'll never get another like her."

"Ay." He nodded. There was affection and the faintest hint of wistfulness in his eyes. "She's gey fine at t'job. But she can nay last for ever."

"Ever thought of mating her with one of these star dogs, like the Bleabeck breed? Ought to get some first-class pups."

"Ay," he said, in a pondering way, "'tis summat tae think aboot."

We chatted a bit. Every farmer and shepherd up here knows the Bleabeck aristocrats, owned by Henry Kilve. He has won almost every sheep-dog trial in the country with them. Bleabeck Mack was internationally famous. Bleabeck Spot must have brought him in a comfortable income for years. A clever man, Kilve, a brilliant trainer and very well aware of it. I had met him on occasion, and admired his ability, but disliked him as a man. He had a thick, smooth face, wavy hair and brown eyes that darted about rather too jerkily. Still, his dogs were wonderful.

"I wonder you don't buy a dog off him, Tom. Besides Nell, there'll be others you'll want to breed from later."

Again he nodded. "Mebbe I will."

We started back, a caravan of woolly bodies

While they were talking, Elsie fed the lamb. Old Tom thought little about it at the time

bobbing ahead of me. Tom and Joe still kept to the flanks. Moving along out there, solitary against the skyline, Old Tom looked what he was, a straight, decent, patriarchal type. Likely he was turning over in his mind the idea of a deal with Kilve.

A week or so later he got in touch with the man and went over to see him. The Bleabeck place had a smell of sleek prosperity. Kilve himself was wearing elegant tweeds and talked in an impressive voice that had long since lost its Cumbrian accent. He produced four or five fine dogs and gave demonstrations with them.

The one Tom liked best was a youngster called Jeff, two years old, its black coat rippling with a silky sheen and the usual white patch at the throat. It had speed, intelligence and an immense capacity for work.

"Yon," said Tom, with a happy grin, "would make a gey fine husband for Nell."

"It's thirty-five pounds."

Tom whistled. Kilve said: "You're not buying a mongrel, you know. My dogs are the cream of the country. I don't go in for haggling. This isn't Caldermouth Market."

Tom bought the dog. In the following spring, just before lambing time, he sent for the local vet.

"It's about this dog o' mine," he said, with a kind of innocent puzzlement. "I can't find owt wrong wi' it. 'Tis always ready for work and grand wi' the sheep."

"Then what's troubling you?"

"It won't breed."

The vet examined Jeff, and turned an inquiring head. "How long have you had him?"

"Mebbe nine months." He explained how he had bought him from Kilve as a mate for Nell.

The vet glanced at the ground, then back at him with a curious, half-pitying expression.

"I see. I see. It's quite possible, I'm afraid, that it never will breed."

Tom said sharply: "What do you mean?"

"I've got to be careful what I say. Don't forget there's a law of slander. Let me put it this way. People like Kilve aren't too anxious for their breeds to get out of their own hands, if you follow what I mean. They don't mind selling an occasional dog. But they don't want the new strain to be started up elsewhere."

Tom stared at him dumbly. The vet went on: "It's quite possible for them to do something to the puppies. I can't prove it in this case. It might be just a natural deficiency. But——" He shrugged his shoulders.

Tom said with slow, shocked protest: "But I bought Jeff for breeding. Thirty-five pound I paid."

The vet said regretfully: "There's not much you can do. If you took Kilve to court he'd merely say you bought the dog to work with the flock. He'd plead ignorance that it was unable to breed. Likely as not, you'd be throwing good money after bad."

LATER that evening, brooding over the way he had been cheated, the old man went to unburden himself to his friend George Thorn, who farmed the lower ground between the fells and the coastal plain. Lambing time was earlier in this warmer and kindlier land, and Thorn's flock of five hundred-odd Cheviots were starring the fields daily with new arrivals.

He sat with Thorn in the stone-flagged kitchen and told him the abominable story. Over by the fire was a cardboard box from which came driblets of feeble blaring. A weakly lamb, one of twins, had been brought in to benefit from the warmth. On the stove lay a bottle of milk capped by a teat. While the two were talking, Thorn's youngest daughter, Elsie, came in and gave the lamb a feed.

After she had gone, Thorn said: "Likely she'll want to keep it as a pet."

Tom shook a reproving head. "Don't let her. Pet lambs are a fair nuisance." He resumed his talk about the villainy of Kilve.

Thorn appeared to be listening with only one ear. He kept considering the lamb in the corner. Several times it staggered to its feet, took a few steps and sprawled over softly. Thorn was smiling away to himself as if he had never seen such entertainment. This rather hurt old Tom.

"You're more concerned wi' yon," he said, "than about me being fooled by Kilve."

"Nay nay." Thorn took a suck at his blackened pipe. "I'm thinking. Vet was right. It's no use having the law on Kilve. Likely you'd lose. You must do something else. Yon might help." He pointed at the lamb.

"Have you gone daft?" asked the bewildered Tom.

Thorn chuckled. "You've never bothered wi' sheep-dog trials, have you, Tom?"

"Nay," said the old man, thoroughly puzzled.

"You'd best start botherin'. Send a subscription to secretary o' Caldermouth Trials. Offer to help."

The old man was nearly goggling. "Why?"

"I'll tell you why," said Thorn, and in between rumbling chuckles he did a lot of talking. Before long the sternness in Tom's eyes was melting to a glow of delight.

They had a drink to celebrate their scheme, and Tom went home in high fettle. Within another few days he had called on the secretary of the trials, planked down five pounds as a donation, and offered to help at the trials.

"Mighty generous of you, Mr. Gainford. We can always do with a bit of help."

"You'll be wanting sheep for the trials."

"Ay, but not Herdwicks."

"I could get a friend o' mine," said Tom,

"Thanks for the evening, Mr. Fisher. I won't keep you because I'm sure you must be starving hungry, too"

"to lend two or three dozen Cheviots, an' supply transport and all."

The secretary gratefully accepted the offer. On the trial day that August, the old man and Thorn arrived in the outer field with a truck containing three dozen Cheviot ewes, and took a hand in releasing them, three at a time through the gateway, for every contesting dog and its master to do their best or worst. As always, Henry Kilve won with a wide margin of points. Here, on his own home ground, it would have been a grave blow to his dignity and prestige to be beaten. His dog went through the whole performance without a hitch, and that smooth, thick face beamed smugly at the applause.

"Too good for the rest," said Thorn.

"Ay," said the old man. "But wait till next year."

They smiled at one another. To Tom, particularly, brought up against the eternity of the fells, one year of waiting was no strain at all on his patience. He could afford to bide his time.

THE day of the next August trial came in with high white cloud and a ruffling breeze from the south-west. By half-past ten a sizable crowd had gathered along the wide, sloping field that served as a stand.

A shepherd from Westmorland with his dog appeared at the upper end of the trials field, and waited there, watching the gateway at the far end. Penned beyond this were the sheep to be used for the contest.

Half-way along the field, towards one side, were two hurdles forming a gap. A similar pair had been placed on the other side. Farther up stood a pen with a gate, a short length of rope tied to it. Presently three ewes would come scuttling through that far gateway. The dog from Westmorland had to go down and gather them, bring them up towards the shepherd, steer them down again, through the first gap, up through the second and then face the stiffest test of all—coaxing them into the pen, while the shepherd held the gate wide by the rope, a directing stick in his left hand.

A murmuring ran through the crowd. Three sheep had bobbed through the gateway. The dog needed no command. Plainly, it was used to the game. Round it went, very cautiously, came in on their flank and then went almost belly to earth. The man and the dog were well suited, and the sheep were put through their manoeuvres in a stylish way. Then they came to the penning.

A quietness had come over the crowd. The crisis of the trial was at hand. Ewes can be chivvied fairly easily through an open gap. They have much less inclination to be driven into the prison of a pen.

The dog made several attempts, but each time the sheep broke and ran. Then the time limit was up, and the man from Westmorland could do no more than call his dog and shrug his shoulders and walk away.

Hour after hour the trials went on, and then the names of Henry Kilve and his dog Fleet were sounding in the air. The crowd craned forward, smiling and excited. Kilve appeared in perfectly cut riding breeches and a stylish tweed jacket. He knew how to smile, with a glimpse of white teeth and a sort of easy good humour. Already a local Press photographer was aiming his camera at the great man and the dog.

KILVE did not use a whistle. He gave one order, his voice like the note of a flute. Fleet went down the field as a sliding shadow, made a circuit, came up behind the ewes. Two of them trotted forward obediently. The third dared to do the unthinkable. It broke back, made towards the gateway and stopped.

The dog was after the stray ewe with all the subtlety of approach his master had taught him. He made a shorter circuit and began to crawl diagonally. Very, very slowly he approached, the hair of his belly scraping the grass, his eyes fixed on the stationary Cheviot.

The ewe just went on looking at the dog. There was something in the way it stared back, something indefinable and yet significant. The dog had reduced its crawl to dragging inches. Plainly it was puzzled by a sheep that refused to budge. It paused, fixed, then partially raised itself. Without any warning, the ewe catapulted into a thrusting butt. The flat of her head took the dog in the ribs. Speed and weight were behind that impact. Proud Fleet of Bleabeck went bundling ignominiously through the air like a parcel tossed by a careless porter.

A great roar of laughter bellowed up from the crowd. Sick with rage, Kilve called another command. The ewe was moving up the field towards him. The bewildered Fleet shook himself, and came racing behind the ewe in a determined way.

The ewe swung round, charged mightily. Fleet was quick to swerve. So was the ewe. She caught him a hearty thump on the stern and bowled him over. Farmers and shepherds were crying with laughter.

There was better to follow. While the dazed Fleet was picking himself up and Kilve, that polished veneer dissolved to nothingness, was blaspheming in pale fury, the ewe moved on once more. Straight towards Kilve she barged, and he flapped his arms and yelled:

"Shoo! you ——!"

Instead of "shooing" she flung her hundred-odd pounds wallop at his kneecaps. Slap on his back she knocked him. Tears were streaming down the faces of farmers and shepherds, tears of exhausted laughter. But the Press photographers kept going. A whole battery of cameras was snapping Kilve.

The ewe, too, kept going, in a different way. She streaked triumphantly down the field and out through the far gate. Old Tom and Thorn had a job to catch her. After all, for the whole eighteen months of her life she had been a pet, deliberately encouraged to hold dogs in contempt and butt at strangers. And, by gocks! as the old man kept wheezing, she had risen gey fine to the occasion.

THE END

Gully, a Mornington Islander, had seen how Bentinck aborigines sleep. He gave a demonstration

The Bentinck men (right) were ready to bolt

I met the most primitive people on earth

by HARRY SUMMERS

Though the wild men who lived there are as naked as Adam, Bentinck Island is no paradise—and the women are naggers

SERIBA THE HUNTER'S black muscles gleamed as he raised the harpoon, poised on the bowsprit of the cutter stealing up on the sea-cow. Then he struck, baring his white teeth and following his weapon into the water. The barb pierced the blubbery skin of the dugong. By the time the hunter appeared on the surface, holding the detachable harpoon shaft, the line was running out swiftly. The end was attached to a wooden float that cocked about on the waves.

We chased it for half a mile. Then the great Seriba dived to where the wounded creature was hiding and looped a slip-knot round its fish-like tail. After the final death-twitch its massive torpedo-shaped carcass, weighing half a ton, was brought up on board. There was a pair of ridiculous flippers, sad, trusting eyes and a curious snub nose.

These gentle monsters abound in the Torres Strait, above the northern tip of Australia. They live on seaweed and breathe by coming up to the surface every five minutes or so. It is accepted, at any rate in the South Seas, that the sight of the mother holding her baby by a flipper to her breast is the explanation for the sailors' mermaid legend. Yet the sea-cow is anything but beautiful.

We were off Mabuiag, a small island in Torres Strait, discovered by Captain Bligh of H.M.S. *Bounty* on his return to the Antipodes, after mutinous sailors had cast him adrift in an open boat in the Pacific. Mabuiag had been honoured by an official visit from Mr. E. M. Hanlon, Premier of Queensland, and the dugong were being hunted for the big palaver that night.

Seriba speared three dugong that day. The women of Mabuiag prepared the meal, squatting round the fires on their fat hams. Unlike the tough, agile males, the women are obese, a disposition they acquire from their particular fondness for dugong blubber. The feast began early, but eating, belching and chattering continued well into the night, till guests fell back gorged, gallantly attempting now and then to continue.

Torres Strait islanders should not be confused with the aborigines of Australia. In Mabuiag that night they sang of peace and plenty, of love and heroes. The rhythm and melody were more than halfway to Hawaii, though the dances, with great leaping and stamping of feet, were energetic and most warlike.

From Mabuiag we sailed down the Gulf of Carpentaria, to Mornington Island. We wanted to meet the Bentinck Islanders, thirty miles to the south-east, full-blooded aboriginals and probably the most primitive humans on earth; but the difficulty was that they did not entertain much, and we were not sure how they would take a white visitor, even a Premier. Their race is doomed to extinction, and they have elected to die as they are, behind a dusty scrub curtain. For them it is the only logical alternative to a white civilization that has taken their land, broken up their tribal life and introduced so many diseases.

That the all-powerful white should take his hunting grounds is reasonable, but what clouds the aboriginal expression with incomprehension is that there should also be whites who devote their lives to *saving* them. Headquarters of the Carpentaria Mission is at Aurukun, on Cape York Peninsula, where the superintendent, the Rev. W. F. Mackenzie, admits that the saving is tough work.

Thirty-two years ago the Mornington Islanders murdered the Rev. Robert Hall because he refused to give them tobacco. Today they wear trousers. Progress is inexorable, though on Bentinck Island it has been resisted more effectively; even an Australian Premier was to approach it at some risk.

We discussed the project on the veranda of the Mornington Mission house one night, after dining on wild goat and sweet potatoes, and asked the advice of Gully, a young Mornington councillor in shorts and a maroon singlet. Dugong, said Gully, was the wild men's favourite food; if we wanted to see them we should catch a couple and lay the carcasses on the beach as an inducement for the islanders to come out of the scrub. But at least four black families would have to be shipped over, too, because Bentinck blacks would not tolerate Mornington blacks unless accompanied by their women and piccaninnies.

Dugong Feast On The Beach

The next night there was a corroboree in our honour on Mornington Island, and the morning after, at dawn, the Mission launch, the *Bonnie*, set out with the black families, and F. A. Cane, of the Mission staff, to catch the dugong and prepare the way. We followed in the Premier's ketch and came upon the *Bonnie* lying off the headland.

A dinghy bumped alongside and Cane came aboard. Short and fair, with a clipped moustache and a face that seldom smiled, he had spent many years at the Mission and knew

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the natives well. "You should have been here this morning," he reported solemnly. "About a hundred came out, women and children as well. They ate the dugong and went back into the bush."

We were rowing ashore when Cane pointed to the tree-line a little way up the beach. "They're watching us," he said. Shadows seemed to be moving quickly in the shade, and as the dinghies ran up the beach on the surf a few figures materialized in the sun rather uncertainly. They were tall and scrawny, with knotty knees, large feet and thick, knuckly hands held down by their sides. Each of the Bentinck bush men could have been a kinsman of the first that Mackenzie ever saw, for they looked alike with their woolly hair and beards and broad, flat noses. Save for a bark cord tied about the middle by the older men to signify complete manhood, all were stark naked.

Kisses For The Premier

Their wild eyes studied the range of billy-cans, mirrors, beads, tomahawks, pipes, plugs of tobacco, fishing lines and hooks we were laying out on the beach as gifts. One of the men was offered a tomahawk. He looked at it, turned questioningly to his companions, then accepted it and began stamping the ground in a dance. "Oomph, oomph," he grunted and danced away, while the Mornington men stamped with him for encouragement.

When the dance ended, he came up to the Director of Native Affairs and kissed the back of his left hand, his left elbow, and the middle of his back. "Him make you him brother now," one of the Mornington blacks observed.

We were all kissed in turn, while the other Bentinck Islanders stood off in a group gabbling furiously. Their objection, the interpreter explained, was to our cameras. These had to be put away as the aborigines were ready to bolt, perhaps for reinforcements. But presents followed soon after and they calmed down, demanding that the gifts be left on the beach so that the whole tribe could come out and get them after we had gone.

Hanlon refused, because he thought it might endanger some future expedition not so well laden with presents. "Go," he told them. "Take your presents. Tell your brothers that the white men have something for every man, woman and child in the tribe." And they scattered quickly, bounding over the sandy ridges, into the scrub.

Waiting for the others to return, we explored a little way into the bush, and came across the camp a couple of aborigines had occupied the previous night, with scraps of food and a drinking-shell nearby. The aborigine of the Australian mainland is said to have the lowest form of human intelligence, but even he is architect enough to build a shelter of bark and leaves. All the Bentinck man has ever risen to is a pile of dry grass, two feet high, to serve as a break-wind. He squats near this, with a fire made by the friction of sticks, and if it is cold and wet, he creeps under the grass, as Gully demonstrated, nestling into the earth like a bush animal. His only utensils are large seashells for carrying water and smaller ones as drinking vessels; his tools are stones for pounding pandanus palm nuts into flour and sharpened stones for opening oysters.

Two hours passed before we saw our hosts again. There was a whoop from the bushes, and eight naked braves were on top of the ridge, waving hands high above their heads. Four women followed them down the beach towards us—skinny, unlovely creatures, as naked as their men, with sagging breasts and smeared with mud as protection from swarms of flies that accompanied them. They were more whiningly talkative than the men, but stood several yards away and refused to come any closer after the Mornington women had taken them their gifts of beads and mirrors.

The rest of the tribe had refused to come to meet us, and no children had been brought along. The palaver did not last much longer than it took to hand them the presents. The women were uneasy all the time, nagging at the men till they left us. Old Adam, the venerable who had kissed us, looked back several times and waved his tomahawk. But his Eve had her way, and he followed her into the dusty scrub.

Tidal Wave And Scrub Fire

It was the last that I or any visitor saw of him. Not long after we were there, a tidal wave swept over Bentinck and the islanders sent up a smoke signal which was seen from Mornington. A launch went across to find the aborigines in distress.

The tidal wave had fouled their water supplies and soured the soil, and a scrub fire soon after had laid the island bare. Water that had once filled the natural potholes had gone, the pools were polluted, and wide areas had been turned over with digging sticks in a search for roots.

Out of the scorched island came eleven men, twenty-five women, thirty-three children. There were no signs of the others; the aborigine has his own secret burial ritual, and death in the bush is covered up effectively. The remnant of the tribe was transferred to a corner of Mornington, where the mission has been trying to keep it alive. Works are being carried out on Bentinck to make the island habitable, and one day the tribe will go back to start again.

THE END

How a Catholic becomes a Saint

Father Urban Young, of St. Mary's Retreat, Birmingham, has spent his life working for the ultimate canonization of the Venerable Dominic Barberi, who died in England a hundred years ago. But before Dominic can be named a saint, the Roman Catholic Church demands proof of Dominic's intercession in the working of miracles after death. It has been Father Urban's task to search for that proof.

The full, fascinating story of his life-work—and of the whole Apostolic Process—is told by Dennis Holman. . . .

in John Bull next week

Potter who's famous on the quiet

by CHARLES WAUGH

His name is Bernard Leach. He is known all over the world wherever beautiful pottery is handled. But in Britain, where he does his work, few people have ever heard of him

Leach and his son discuss a jug with their St. Ives workers. One basic rule: ignore blemishes

IF BERNARD LEACH had not gone to a garden party in 1911, it is doubtful whether he would today be one of the world's greatest pottery makers. Leach, now a spare and tweedy man of sixty-three, has just returned from America, where he won the highest award for potters. He is considering an exhibition of his work in Japan, and his St. Ives pottery is turning out domestic and artistic ware that is snapped up almost as quickly as it comes from the kiln.

The party that changed the pattern of Leach's life was an afternoon tea in Tokyo. The host was an artist and his guests were twenty or thirty painters, actors and writers, including a young English graduate of the Slade School named Bernard Leach. Everyone sat on the floor. The guests were provided with paint brushes and colour. Each was handed an unglazed pot and asked to write or paint a design.

"I struggled with the unfamiliar paints and the queer long brushes," Leach recalls, "and then my two pots were taken away from me and dumped in a tub of creamy white lead glaze." A few minutes later they were placed in a portable kiln in the garden Within an hour the guests were admiring each other's finished work and Leach, who had already defied his parents to become an artist, was deciding to become a potter. He still has his first pot.

Leach tackled the problem of learning the potter's craft by searching for a master. He found an old and poor man named Ogata Kenzan VI in a little house in one of Tokyo's slums. Kenzan came from a long line of potters who carried on a seventeenth-century tradition. "I liked him at first go," Leach says, "and asked if I could be his student." Leach stayed so long and worked so diligently that fellow craftsmen sometimes call him Ogata Kenzan VII.

For his first exhibition in Japan, Leach showed some pots and some paintings. "All the pots were sold," he says. He stayed on in Japan until 1920, when his family began growing up and he brought them back to England. "We were all talking Japanese by that time," says David Leach, the potter's son and partner. "But now I don't think any of us can remember it."

Because none of the family ever mastered reading Japanese, at least one book on the shelves of their St. Ives home has never been fully enjoyed in the Leach household. It is a biography of Bernard Leach, written in Japanese. Oddly enough, this Englishman is so well known in Japan that a full-length book has been written about him, while no such work has yet appeared in English.

"When I first came to England," says Fritz Lampl, the Viennese glassblower, "I knew all about Leach from the exhibitions of his work on the Continent. But when I asked English people about Bernard Leach they shook their heads. They didn't know him, although he is one of the greatest craftsmen England has produced."

One reason for Leach's international reputation is that for thirty-nine years he has not only been making pots but he has also been breaking them almost as fast as he makes them. During his first year at St. Ives, Leach and his associates turned out between two and three thousand pots. They lost twenty per cent through breakage in the kiln. Only ten per cent came up to their self-imposed standard for show material. "The best pots had to be fairly expensive," Leach says, "although at the time none of us was earning more than £100 a year."

Following The Oriental Masters

Strangely, the pots made in Cornwall were most highly regarded in Japan. Leach's friends in the Orient held many exhibitions of his work and they sent the proceeds to help to establish the pottery at St. Ives. What the Japanese like about Leach pottery is the simplicity of form, the quiet colours he uses and the stylized decoration.

Leach does not hesitate to acknowledge his debt to Eastern potters. To him, the greatest compliment is to be compared to the Chinese craftsmen of the Sung dynasty, seven hundred years ago.

"They set the standards of classic design," says Leach, running his hands through his shock of grey hair. "I try to transfer the Oriental approach to an English background."

Leach pots began to appear in Bond Street galleries during the twenties. As he became established, the potter decided to abandon what he calls "precious pots for precious people at precious prices." He set himself a new standard —the production of bowls and vessels that would give satisfaction to the maker and to the user. His pottery now turns out between 20,000 and 30,000 pieces a year. Most of these are in sixty or seventy useful shapes like casseroles, jugs and jam-pots. They are made, fifty or a hundred at a time, by a team of workers organized by Leach and his son. "It's a *we* job and not an *I* one," says Leach. "We have a group working together like a small orchestra."

"Each of the standard shapes is, of course, made by hand," David Leach explains. "There are differences between each of the fifty or so which we make at one time. Possibly six out of the fifty are remarkably better than the others. The trick is to find the six best, and we get a lot of fun out of watching people trying to make a choice. You can always tell how good a person's taste is by the pot he chooses."

One of the basic rules for this game is that blemishes do not count against the perfection of a pot. "It's a pity people in England are so fussy about technical imperfections," Leach says in his *Potter's Book*. He complains that collectors won't look at an imperfect pot even though its artistic merit is as little affected as a Rembrandt drawing would be by a minor blot from his quill. Leach's own standard was summed up by Patrick Heron, a young artist and critic. "I saw Bernard pick up a jam-pot," Heron says. "He ran his finger round the inside and all he said was, 'It should be an invitation to a spoon!'"

Leach himself was a stranger to Cornwall when he first set up his pottery there in 1921. Despite his early discovery that his pots sold faster than his paintings, it is only in recent years that pottery has become a sound financial proposition for him. The Leach reputation is now such that he is no longer at the mercy of retailers. He gets American bids as high as £50 for one pot.

Leach believes the satisfaction to be derived from pottery is responsible for the great increase in the craft. There are seventy thousand non-industrial potters in the United States, and a country like Norway, with a population of three and a half million, boasts of four hundred small potteries. "All over the world," Leach says, "people are taking up crafts. Perhaps it is a reaction against the destruction of war."

The Leach pottery has good reason to remember what war means. One night in January, 1941, a land mine fell in the garden and, to the tune of £2,000 damage, demonstrated that a bomb in a pottery can be even more devastating than a bull in a china shop. THE END

THE SCARLET SWORD

by H. E. BATES

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM LITTLE

Somehow the women had to be disguised if they were to be safe from the Pathans. But, now that the officer was badly wounded, was anybody safe?

AT FIVE O'CLOCK THAT afternoon they buried the dead. Father Simpson had demanded it. "The dead have to be buried, and they are going to be buried, officer or no officer. They cannot be left about like dogs."

And so they were buried—the Mother Superior and another nun; Mrs. Maxted and Mrs. Mathieson; and the nameless Kashmiri women and children, victims of the hideous night of rape and massacre when Pathan tribesmen had attacked the Mission.

Two people were still missing, Sister Teresalina, and the Eurasian husband of Dr. Baretta, the Mission's woman doctor.

Now, to add insult to injury, Sikander Shah, the officer in charge of the Pathans, had made the Mission his headquarters. His men were billeted there. And he could spare no trucks to evacuate women and children. Neither could he guarantee their safety from attacks by his men. "In war there is no guarantee against anything."

Crane, the journalist who had come to Kashmir to report the fighting, knew what that meant. The Mission had now become a military target for Indian Air Force planes. Already, cannon-firing Tempests had made a reconnaissance. But Crane had other problems. He had fallen in love with Julie, daughter of the murdered Mrs. Maxted. And he knew that neither Julie nor Janet McAlister, the sharp-tongued young Scottish nurse, nor any of the women were safe from the barbaric Pathans.

That night, a gang of drunken Pathans had stormed into the ward looking for women. Father Simpson, Crane and Colonel Mathieson (whose wife had been killed the night before) had been knocked down in the melée. As the Pathans raced back to their waiting truck, one of them yelled: "We come back!"

PART 5

Operation Haircut

CRANE was the first to get up. The door of the main corridor was still open; he staggered across to shut it. On the terrace the whistle was still blowing and already trucks, roaring in low gear, were moving away down the hill.

He shut the door. He could hear children crying in the ward. He remembered McAlister, locked in the wash-room. When she came out a moment later, Colonel Mathieson was already on his feet and between them they helped the priest stand up.

His face, bruised, scorched by the gush of lamp-flame, had something of the look of a cherubic Negro minstrel, startled and enraged, eyes left white in rings of black; and he kept saying, furiously brushing his hands across his face: "Where are they? Where are they? They shall not come in here! I will not have them in here like this! I will not have them!"

"They've gone, Father," the colonel said. "Take it easy. Can you see?"

"I can see, yes. I am all right."

The priest stood in the centre of the corridor, blinking like a ferocious minstrel, panting. "How did they go? Why? Colonel, tell me what happened."

"The sergeant whistled them up for parade," the colonel said.

"Damn and blast them!" McAlister said.

The priest, startled by this final moment of vehemence, came to life, pained. "They are strange words, my child," he said, and then, as if really seeing for the first time and not surprised: "Oh! It's McAlister."

"I am sorry, Father. I am terribly sorry. They slipped out."

"Thank God," he said.

"I am terribly sorry, Father," she said. "I will go to the ward. The children are crying." She moved to the door.

"Is there a key to the door?" he said.

"No, Father. There used to be—but not now." She gave him a brief and nervous glance of humility and went through the door.

"A key won't help us," the colonel said.

"No; I'm sorry for that," the priest said. "It was stupid—it was just a thought." He looked down at his chest. "My vest is torn." His undershirt had been ripped across by Pathan feet, showing underneath the almost hairless, white flesh. "My mother would have a fit."

"Something has to be done," Crane said. "They'll be back."

"I feel crazy. I feel I am not here," the priest said. "I can't think." He stood by the wall, burying his face in his hands, shuddering.

"Come and lie down, Father," the colonel said.

"No," he said. "No. Crane is right. Something has to be done. I can't think——"

"You will think better if you lie down," the colonel said.

"No," he said. "No." He stood with ferocious obstinacy by the wall, painfully struggling with himself, locking and unlocking his hands across his face. "If I lie down I shall give way."

He trembled convulsively, his head shaken by involuntary shudders of shock. "I am not going to give way. I am not going to give way. I will not give way to these beasts—these awful—these bastards!"

The shock of this fiercely ejected word suddenly calmed him down. He let his hands fall from his face. Half-startled, half in shame, he looked up at Colonel Mathieson and Crane, blinking.

"What do you think? What shall we do?"

Colonel Mathieson swore softly, shaking his head. Crane, who could think of nothing to say, stood thinking of Julie Maxted. His preoccupation with attack by air had been shattered by the raid of Pathans shouting for women. Now his body ached for her. In fear he recalled her impossible notions of escaping and then heard Father Simpson say: "It's not the English women. Not the nuns. They won't touch them. It's the Indian women—the Hindus, the Sikhs. It's another part of the feud."

"There's no hiding them," the colonel said.

Crane, absorbed for some moments by a memory of the woman combing, that morning in the ward, her long black scarf of hair, did not speak. Impossible to hide them, as the colonel said. He remembered Kaushalya: sometimes inscrutable and sullen, in mute gravity, with fine-cut lips, very like a boy. That was something common in India, he thought. Sometimes when young the men had a tender chiselled womanliness; the women a fleeting boyish masculinity. It was hard, sometimes, to tell one from the other.

"You ought to lie down, Father," the colonel said.

"No, no," the priest said. "No." He walked distractedly up and down. The last of the trucks shot across the gravel outside. The lavatory door flapped on its catch. "I'll wash my face."

HE blundered into the little wash-room. Crane handed the colonel a cigarette, but the colonel, drawn, running his left hand through his hair, shook his head. Water ran into the wash-basin in the lavatory and Father Simpson dashed it to his face with furious splutterings that were like groans.

"They'll be back. We have to think of something," the colonel said.

"Is he right about the English women?" Crane, worried once again about Julie Maxted, drew nervously at his cigarette. "They practically raped McAlister."

The colonel did not speak. Desperately and miserably Crane wished he had never spoken, and said:

"I'm sorry. I didn't think—my brain is like jelly. I'm worried about Julie, that's all."

"I know. I know."

Father Simpson appeared at the door. Scrubbing his face with the lower end of his undershirt, he left black stains of smoke smeared across the cream wool. He tucked the undershirt into his trousers and wiped his hands first across his belly and then across his deadened, whitened face.

Crane at the same moment recalled Kaushalya and the woman combing her long hair; and suddenly, in a twisted flash of sense that was so comic that for some seconds he could hardly speak of it to the colonel or Father Simpson, the three things came together.

He leaned back against the wall, shutting his eyes. He drew hard at the cigarette, trying to press out and smooth the twists of his mind as he might flatten a warped board; and then said, slowly: "We could cut off their hair."

He saw the colonel start, half in pain, half in amazement, and the priest said: "Who? Who? Who do you mean?"

"The women," Crane said. "Cut off their hair. Pass them as men."

"Oh! no, no, no. It would never work. It wouldn't do. It would be the most dreadful——"

"It would keep them alive," Crane said. "They might prefer it."

The colonel walked nervously up and down;

With hurried and painful tenderness she bent and kissed him. "I love you so much," she said. "I can't bear it." The door opened behind her

on the wall the small oil-lamp, on its bracket, spat sparks from a wick not properly trimmed. He paused to take off the glass chimney, turning the lamp-screw at the same time.

Crane saw the nervously brittle face held for a moment above the naked flame; the hands trembled; and under a too-sharp turn of the screw the lamp went out. In the sudden darkness he heard the colonel say "Blast!" and then, clearly and quite casually, as if without light it were something much easier to say: "Dressing them as men wouldn't work. You couldn't do it. But you could cut their hair shorter and pass them as European. That would work." He went on almost briskly: "We could find my wife's clothes. There might be some of Mrs. Maxted's, too."

THE light did not reappear. Neither Crane nor Father Simpson said anything in reply. In the darkness there was a smell of carboned smoking wick and the colonel said:

"It's awfully damned silly, but I haven't any matches."

Crane found his petrol-lighter and flicked it, holding it up above his face, the flame white. The colonel smiled. Darkness seemed to have given him relief, to have broken the brittle nervous tension that had accidentally extinguished the lamp. Now light in turn had set free a wave of long-repressed gaiety, almost mischief, so that he actually grinned and said: "I'd like to try it. It might fox them. Father, what do you say?"

Crane held his petrol-lighter to the lamp. The colonel turned the screw, and the wick rose, burning brighter now. The priest, thoughtful, hands locked across his lower chest in the habitual pose of meditation, said: "Yes; it might work. There are these ghastly taboos, though. They might resent it."

"We will explain it to them," the colonel said. "We'll tell them the alternatives."

"We will tell them about the etiquette," Crane said.

"Ah," the colonel said. "Yes. I'd forgotten the etiquette. We will tell them about that."

The colonel put the glass chimney back on the lamp; the flame, drawn up, burned more whitely, and his hand, steadier now, turned down the screw.

"What about the nuns and Julie?" Crane said. Nervously he had kept the petrol-lighter burning and now, in an incautious, clumsy flick, he snapped it out.

"They will be all right," the priest said. "They won't touch them. After all, the church, even here, gives a certain protection."

"I hadn't noticed it," Crane said, and the colonel, catching in the remark a fear that no ironies could conceal, smiled again and said: "Don't let it get you down. They may not come back. It may never happen."

"Enough has happened," the priest said. And Colonel Mathieson replied with a quick, surprising decisiveness: "Yes, I know. I know. But it will end. There will be an ending."

He walked suddenly into the wash-room, calling back: "Isn't there a light in here? Crane, bring your lighter."

Crane snapped the lighter open, into flame, and went into the wash-room, followed by Father Simpson. The room, about twelve feet by four, became so immediately congested by the three men standing there under the uplifted flame of Crane's petrol-lighter that Colonel Mathieson, turning round, pushed his elbow into the priest's belly, and said: "Your pardon, Father." The bantering ironies that had accompanied the digging of the trench came back. "What do you think, Crane? Could we do it in here? Is it large enough to contain the Father, too?"

The priest smiled shyly. Remembering the trench, he seemed glad of the return at last of the friendly, ironic teasing prompted by the colonel.

"I shall ask leave of absence," he said. "I shall leave it to the ladies' men."

A spasm of self-indictment, cruel and sharp, ran through him as the words flew out, unchecked, before he could stop them. Instinctively he looked for the pain on the face of the colonel, but to his great joy and relief it was not there. His own pain seemed to translate itself in that moment physically. For the first time he felt his bruised face, where the lamp had struck between

eye and cheekbone, pulsing sharply under torn skin, swollen and raw.

Crane said hastily: "Yes, we could do it here. They could come in one by one."

"Crane and Mathieson. *Coiffeurs des dames,*" the colonel said. "You are a little long in the neck, too, Father." He ruffled the priest's hair and the priest smiled gently.

"Father Anstey usually cuts it," he said. "We usually do each other."

"I forgot Father Anstey," the colonel said. "We must tell him about this."

"I will tell him," the priest said.

Crane went out into the corridor and the priest followed, Colonel Mathieson coming out last and shutting the door.

The colonel said: "Can I borrow the lighter? I'll go and get my wife's clothes."

"I'll come with you," Crane said.

"No," the colonel said. "I'll go. I know where they are."

FATHER ANSTEY got up at dawn, as he always did, and said his own prayer on the little wooden prie-dieu by the side of his mattress in the kitchen. The only place from which he could see the colour of sunrise across the mountains was from the little window in the projecting angle of wall above the sink. Even that faced southward rather than eastward and all he could really see from it was the lower and outer wings of cloud, exquisitely heliotrope and rose, and the blue reflecting beads of dew on the crinkled globes of cabbages.

Two Tempests and a Spitfire came eastwards up the valley, shooting up the convoy of trucks as he stood there by the window, but the world of aircraft was not his world, and he had grown so used to wild and indiscriminate shooting of every kind that he hardly noticed it. Shooting of some sort had gone on with the crackle of fires all night. Now the drumming of cannon-shell and the whine of every sort of weapon from the valley in reply disturbed him so little that he remained at the window a little longer, thinking of Sister Teresalina and Dr. Baretta's husband.

It hurt him terribly that neither of them had been found.

Even as he stood there, all of himself coiled up into a tiny cleft of private distress, he saw distinctly below him, in gaps of smoke on road and bullock tracks, how the second of the two Tempests, on a return run, had hit the convoy of trucks with a line of cannon-shell as level as a row of dots from a typewriter. He saw two trucks, puffed aside by these dots, lurch off the road and pile up against each other on the lower track under the trees. Even this failed to wake him out of his private world; it simply held him fascinated: in the same daze of mystic thoughtlessness that had so often irritated—sometimes infuriated—him in Father Simpson.

It was only when the Spitfire came back, directly over the Mission, that he really came to himself. In an automatic sort of way he reacted by feeling it was time to go into the ward.

When he came into the ward the entire Mission seemed suddenly to be flattened by the direct overhead roar of the plane. He seemed to be the only person not shrieking. He heard windows in the eastern side of the building break with a sparkling and almost musical crackle under cannon fire, and it recalled for him, in a wonderful moment of absolute waking, the piano.

He made a sliding sort of rush at it and began playing loudly, still standing up, his foot on the open pedal. He heard the young Italian nun Carlotta begin singing at the other end of the ward, and presently the old, heavy German nun who had been on night duty brought him a chair.

He sang lustily, playing hymns with bold chords and once a verse or two of "Rule Britannia." He did not know how long he went on playing, but the aircraft did not come back, and presently three nuns came in from the kitchen with pails of cocoa and millet, boiled overnight, for breakfast.

He stood up to say a blessing. He began to speak in Latin and then thought how stupid it was to speak in Latin when only a fraction of the adults and none of the children could understand him. Then he remembered that practically the same thing was true of English, and he reverted to Latin at last, shutting his eyes and ending with: "*In nomine patris, et filii, et spiritus sancti, Amen.*"

WHEN he opened his eyes it was to see, at the end door, something that re-created in a terrible and startling moment the illusion that no part of what had been happening was true. Automatically he crossed himself and turned to speak to McAlister, but McAlister had moved away with the baby and was busy changing its napkin on the nearest bed.

What he saw was Father Simpson coming with Mrs. Mathieson down the ward.

He was so pained and shaken by this illusion that he did not hear McAlister, taking a safety pin from her mouth, say: "For God's sake, in the name of the Father and all the saints! Oh! No, it can't be. . . ."

He, too, in that moment, beginning to walk down the ward with incredible outstretched hands, knew that it could not be. He saw that Father Simpson was simply coming with a Hindu woman dressed as Mrs. Mathieson. He remembered the dress, a white tennis dress with crimson cuffs and lapels, because Mrs. Mathieson had worn it on that doom-charged day when Miss Jordan and Miss Shanks had come to tea. The illusion of her return, the wild notion that nothing of all that had happened was true, lasted for another second or so. Then the woman went past him down the ward.

"Father, what is happening?" he said. Father Simpson stood sturdily between the beds, watching his bewilderment with a faint smile. "I thought for a moment——"

"We are cutting their hair. Dressing them as Europeans. The Pathans came in last night, looking for women. It is the only way we might save them."

Father Anstey, standing still, looking down, not speaking, felt that the past had suddenly begun to divulge, in the form of woken ghosts, all the horror in which briefly he had not believed. He remembered Sister Teresalina again.

"Is everyone all right? Were there any casualties?" he said.

"No."

"We must find Dr. Baretta's husband and Sister Teresalina somehow today."

"I am going to find them myself," Father Simpson said. "I shall speak to the Afridi officer and make it my business to find them."

"Probably Mr. Crane and the colonel would go with you——"

"No: I shall go by myself. It will be a painful thing and I do not want Mathieson to go." He smiled with dry, round charm. "Besides, they are very busy in the *salon des dames.* The barber's shop."

He went on down the ward and spoke to McAlister. All about him, on the floor, children were eating breakfasts of millet and cocoa. There was a sickly, fleshy fustiness in the air, an afternight odour of bodies, and he went to the extreme end of the ward and opened a window.

Beyond the arch of the Mission gate an army truck had stuck on the hill. He saw two Afridis wrestling with the starting handle. After a few moments they gave it up. He saw them go round to the back of the truck and presently three wounded men appeared, patched up with rags, followed by another on a stretcher carried by the two Afridis. The whole party began to struggle up the hill.

He went back up the ward, stopping to speak to Dr. Baretta, who was taking a temperature, looking at the watch on her wrist with untroubled efficiency as she stood by the bed. He spoke to her of the wounded coming up the hill and then he saw that she was taking a pulse at the same time. She simply nodded and made no answer. He went on to the washroom.

INSIDE the washroom, Crane's voice called to McAlister to bring in another woman. She brought in a young Sikh woman with a mass of intensely shining blue-black hair of great length coiled up on her head like bands of liquorice. She began to cry at once as she went into the washroom and saw Crane and Colonel Mathieson waiting there.

The colonel got up out of the chair and Father Simpson said: "They are bringing in wounded. They are coming up the hill."

"Then let 'em come," the colonel said. He had had his moustache clipped and it made him look sprucely fierce. "I shall be happy to operate with my scissors."

McAlister comforted the Sikh woman, who sat sobbing in the chair, bowing her head so that it touched her breasts.

"We are overcrowded now," the priest said. "We can't do it. We can't have them here."

McAlister unpinned the Sikh woman's hair so that it fell down like a glistening oily shawl, blackly hiding her face. In the corner by the wash-basin Mrs. Mathieson's clothes were draped on a chair and McAlister went across and selected a blue-flowered dress, holding it against her body.

Father Simpson said quickly: "I am going out to talk to them. We cannot have Pathans and Afridis mixed up with the women in the ward. It's an absolutely monstrous situation. Moslem and Hindu and Sikh together in one ward. There'll be murder."

"I'll come with you," Crane said.

"No." All the determination of the priest came back. "No. I will go alone. I will go myself. They cannot treat us like this."

"You may not have much choice," the colonel said.

"The choice is simple——"

"Bargain with them," the colonel said. He was very serious now. "They'll understand a bargain. Parley with them. Say you will leave the nuns and ourselves and Dr. Baretta here as a hospital staff for the wounded if they will evacuate the women and children."

"Under supervision," Crane said.

The priest, feeling instinctively across his vest for his missing crucifix, looked as if he could no longer bear the weeping of the Sikh woman about to lose her hair.

"Very well," he said. "I will do that. I will say that." He turned, preparing to go. "I have to find Sister Teresalina and Dr. Baretta's husband." He rushed out of the washroom, too late

THE HUMAN MACHINE

How's your temper?

DR. JOHNSON once remarked that "a man's being in a good or bad humour very much depends upon his will."

It is a simple truth. Perpetual good or bad temper is just a habit of mind that can be developed like any other habit. We can easily train ourselves to grumble and be discontented: we can just as easily school ourselves to be reasonable and philosophical.

People who become the victims of "browned-offness" are usually those who have developed a bad habit of mind instead of a good one.

by ROFFE THOMPSON

"I'm proud of you, dear! That was a very intelligent look you gave him when he asked your opinion of world affairs"

to hear the colonel call: "Under supervision, remember!"

"Whose supervision?" McAlister said.

"I know, I know," the colonel said. "Don't tell me." She looked almost frightened by his abrupt severity and he bent to the Sikh woman hiding her face in shame.

"Come on, sweetheart, we have to get this over," the colonel said. He revealed, suddenly, a quality of gentleness that took the edge of pain off the first slicing, quivering cut of the scissors.

The Indian women, brought in by McAlister, came in one by one for the next two or three hours, going out again with shortened hair, to be dressed in the corridor in Mrs. Mathieson's dresses. About nine o'clock Crane said:

"It's odd Father Simpson isn't back."

"I've been thinking about him," the colonel said. "It's very odd." And when all the women were finished, he went out of the room to look for him. Crane was left alone with McAlister.

"Very tired?" she asked.

"Hellish."

"I used to have some sleeping tablets. Dr. Baretta gave them to me." She went suddenly away, shutting the door quietly as if it were the door of a sickroom.

He sat down in the chair, feeling a great hunger for a cigarette. He put one into his mouth and sat there with the cigarette unlighted, head down, staring at the mass of black hair of all lengths that had accumulated on the floor. Its stale, oily fragrance, slightly musty, filled the little room, drugging him. He felt himself actually pitching and dropping forward into sleep as he sat there.

Finally the cigarette fell out of his mouth and lay there before him on the floor, among the mass of hair. Too drugged and weary to pick it up, he swayed about, half asleep, until at last the door opened and he looked up, expecting to see the colonel or McAlister.

It was Julie Maxted instead. She stooped down and kissed him before he could move or speak. In acceptance he let the tenderness of it cover him passively, simply moving his hands sleepily over her arms. Then he remembered McAlister and said: "McAlister will be coming back. She's gone to fetch the other body. Lock the door."

"McAlister isn't coming," she said. "There aren't any more."

"No?"

"Only Kaushalya. And she refuses. You can't blame her. After all, when this is over——"

"When, when, when," he said. "Oh! God—"

She took his hands and put them round her body, up by her sides so that he could feel the breasts strained momentarily in the act of accepting him, and then up beyond her arms until they were folded across her back.

"Hold on to me," she said. "Keep there. Let me hold you there."

Pressing his head against her body, shutting his eyes, he heard her voice as if from very far away quietly saying something about the wounded occupying the central ward. It seemed of little importance even when she said: "The officer has been wounded, too. Sikander Shah."

"Let him rot," he said. He remembered the scene in the orchard and Sikander Shah's own words: no trucks, war is war, in war there are no guarantees about anything: only, as the colonel said, etiquette. Now, he thought, the officer, too, knows what etiquette can be.

A door along the corridor opened and shut. He heard footsteps; the moment of privacy, so hard to get, was about to be broken. With hurried and painful tenderness she bent down and kissed him again. "I love you so much," she said. "I can't bear it. I can't sleep for thinking of it——"

McAlister blundered in. "Pardon!" she said, and went immediately out again.

"Come back!" he shouted.

McAlister, this time, knocked on the door. "Come in," he said.

She came in with a certain strained demureness, with bright, pale eyes looking down.

"I came to bring the sleeping tablets and a message from Colonel Mathieson. He says to go along to the central ward."

She held out the small white box of tablets. He stood up. "Let Miss Maxted have the tablets," he said. "She hasn't been sleeping well."

"It gets you like that," she said.

She gave the tablets to Julie Maxted, grinning with oblique demureness. "Will I go or will I wait for her?"

"You will go," he said.

"I heard you the first time," she said, and went out of the door with swift quietness, with a sliding neutrality that had in it a hint of mockery.

"I want you to see that she gets some sleep!" he called.

But the door closed and from beyond it there was no answer, nor the sound of footsteps. He looked down at the girl, smiling.

"She's probably on guard, waiting," he said.

"Please try and get some sleep in, anyhow."

"I'm not tired," she said. "I'm really not tired." She tried to smile and succeeded only in weeping with enormous soundless tears. "Only terribly empty sometimes—terribly, awfully empty inside."

"Oh, my God," he said.

He kissed her again and it was like kissing a person partly asleep already. He felt her tears on his face. McAlister coughed in the corridor outside. He was glad of it and said: "Your bodyguard is waiting. You'd better go with her. You'd better get some sleep somewhere."

"She's very sweet."

"I love her," he said.

The remark seemed to wake her, bringing her to life. "Then you'd better stop loving her. She is one of those thwarted creatures who express it in other ways and——"

"You mustn't say such things," he said. "When we get out of this I must take you in hand. I must teach you etiquette."

"When," she said. "When."

"The colonel may have news," he said. "We may be able to evacuate you."

He kissed her again before he went along the corridor a few moments later, feeling unbearably severed and confused and lonely without her.

The central ward was large and empty by contrast with the little ward beyond the corridor, insufferably crowded with its women and children, the piano and the beds, the priests and the attendant nuns.

Here, placed at the farther end, closer to the window for better light, he could see only four floor beds, occupied now by wounded Pathans. Then he saw a fifth, along under the opposite wall, with Dr. Baretta and Colonel Mathieson standing beside it, talking. There was no sign of Father Simpson.

Beyond the big windows it was so sunny, with the high, fresh brilliance of mountain autumn, the sky blue and very lofty, that he felt an agony of longing to walk out there, down among the bare red peach boughs, beyond the terraces, to smell snow and drive the sour horrors out of his nostrils and be free. Half way down the room Colonel Mathieson came to meet him. They met by the beds of the four wounded Pathans, who lay staring under brown blankets drawn up to their chins as if to give support to savage and flattened moustaches.

"It's Sikander Shah," the colonel said. "He bought it in both legs. Cannon shell. He's pretty bad."

"How bad?"

"About as bad as it can be. One leg will certainly go."

"It will be a charming situation if he leaves us," Crane said.

"Charming."

"Where's Father Simpson?" Crane said. "Did he parley?"

"I don't know. No one seems to have seen him," the colonel said. He turned, looking at the four wounded Pathans. "There's another bad one here. The third along. They were all in a truck."

Crane looked at the face of the third Pathan. Held rigid, drained of blood, it had something of the colour and texture of bleached brown paper. Under this it held for him a curious sort of familiarity and he said: "He is one of our friends of last night. One of the woman-hunters."

The colonel looked across at the Pathan indifferently. "A diet of cannon shell in the belly will keep him quiet for a time. It will make a nice change from raw meat and females."

He put his hand in his trousers pocket, bringing out Crane's lighter. "I am so sorry about it. I completely forgot. Is the hairdressing done?"

"All but Kaushalya, who refuses."

"Good for Kaushalya."

"She has never spoken a word. She has never opened her lips. She just sits there." Crane pulled out his cigarette case and held it to the

This England . . .

Wiltshire Downs near Broadchalke

THE story of Wiltshire is very English — in its busy-ness and love of peace. Domesday records 390 mills; later came wool, and blankets, and silk, and the first tobacco pipes. But to be thus busy the people needed peace . . . and were prepared to fight therefor. So in 1645, when roving bands from broken armies menaced all the land, arose the "Clubmen," or armed civilians, whose sole object was peace and the systematic punishment of King's man or Roundhead caught at plunder. This firm attitude to peace has given England much of her greatness and Englishmen their good living . . . whether it be carpets from Wilton, or engines from Swindon or those great beers of Burton — Bass and Worthington — themselves brewed by men of peace to give strength and courage to stand up for peace.

ISSUED BY BASS AND WORTHINGTON, BURTON-UPON-TRENT, ENGLAND

colonel, but the colonel, who was looking at the four Pathans, shook his head.

But suddenly, rather savagely, he took one. He lit it clumsily and hurriedly, pulling at it once or twice; and then took it over to the third of the wounded Pathans, who accepted it between cruelly tired lips, from under a twist of fantastic moustaches.

The colonel strode savagely up the ward. "I just can't stand there and see the poor bastard," he said, and Crane followed, scrutinized by wounded faces.

Calmly, with delicate dignity, Dr. Baretta came a few paces down the ward. She smiled with an unembittered sadness made infinitely fragile by lack of sleep.

"What is the verdict?" the colonel said.

"I should amputate the right leg," she said. "But there are no anaesthetics. We have nothing at all."

"Must the leg come off?" the colonel said. "Is it absolutely imperative?"

"It is practically amputated now—there is practically nothing left——"

"It would be better to tell him," the colonel said. "If you agree."

He walked slowly up the ward. Dr. Baretta did not protest. The colonel stooped down by the Afridi officer, resting on one knee.

"How do you feel?" he said.

"I am just a little tired," the officer said. He stared at the ceiling. "I think I was knocked out."

"I have something to tell you."

"Please." Up to that moment the Afridi officer had spoken without the slightest deflection of his frozen stare at the ceiling. Now he

"Fine, now draw a house on fire with a fireman carrying a lady down a ladder, and a little girl carrying a kitten out of the door"

turned to the colonel with a curiously sculptured formal smile.

"It is going to be necessary to amputate your right leg." The colonel felt himself begin to sweat unhappily, in distress.

"I see."

"They asked me to tell you there is no anaesthetic—Dr. Baretta cannot——"

"There is no need to tell me."

The face of the Afridi re-averted itself, resuming more frigidly the straight upward stare at the ceiling. The colonel, sweating and trembling a little, got up. The Afridi officer, his stare unchanged, spoke again.

"Is the young priest here?"

"No," the colonel said. "He is not here."

"When he comes would it be possible to speak to him?"

"I think so."

"Thank you. Will you find him?"

"No more talking, I think," Dr. Baretta said. The colonel moved finally away from the bed, trembling, wiping in a dazed way the sweat from the cup of his neck. "We will try to get him ready."

The colonel and Crane walked down the ward. Through the door at the far end McAlister came in with Sister Courbet and another nun, and the colonel said: "Has Father Simpson reappeared?"

"Not to my knowledge," McAlister said.

"He is not in the other ward," said Sister Courbet. "Shall I look for him?"

Not answering her, the colonel walked on. "It's rather odd," he began, but Crane had stopped. McAlister had stopped, too, and it seemed to Crane that she looked upset.

"Mr. Crane, I was rude to you and I am very sorry," she said.

"You were not rude and it doesn't matter."

"I was awful rude. I can't control myself."

Crane smiled. "We're all rude to each other and if we weren't we'd go off our nuts. Did you make her rest?" he said.

"I think she's asleep already."

In the corridor outside, the colonel was coming back to meet Crane.

"I'm beginning not to like this," the colonel said. "Nobody can find Father Simpson."

To be continued next week

THE EMBRY ESCAPE

Continued from page 12

cyclist patrol returned, pedalled steadily down the left of the column. He went by. A minute passed.

"Go!" said the colonel's voice.

Embry tapped Treacy's shoulder for the signal and went, headlong. He dived under the muzzles of the German machine guns, went through the air head and shoulders first, hit the side of the ditch, rolled in, and down to the bottom. He lay utterly still in half a foot of water, waiting for the warning shout, the sound of running feet on the metalled road above. There was no sound at all. Then he counted sixty. Then another sixty. He got on his hands and knees. His heart was thumping in his chest. He crawled up the bank and peered over.

The tail of the column, with the armed lorry unconcernedly jolting along immediately behind the rear rank, was 200 yards away. The train of prisoners marched slowly, steadily on. They hadn't seen him!

The column slowly disappeared from view round a winding bend of the road. Nobody returned. His heart was still beating wildly with excitement and exultation. He turned and looked over his shoulder across the far side of the ditch. What he saw filled him with sudden bewilderment and dismay.

Less than 100 yards away, at the crest of a rise in the ground, a French peasant woman was milking a cow. Her right cheek was pressed against the animal's muddy flank and her right hand was busy at its task, but her face was turned towards Embry and her left hand was frantically signalling him to take cover again. He dropped flat, but he had taken in the situation with one swift glance.

Threequarters of a mile ahead, the road wound past a wood. From her position on the knoll of ground near the ditch this unexpected ally could command a view of the column now rapidly passing from view. He watched intently for any further movement on her part, but she had returned to her milking with complete indifference. He lay close to the side of the ditch and waited.

Then, on the sudden, she had turned on her three-legged stool and was waving him on once more. He sprang from the ditch and ran quickly towards the friendly welcome of the wood. Then he heard, from the road below, the rumbling of a convoy. He half halted in his paces, looked round and saw the Frenchwoman signalling again. He threw himself down on his face. The convoy rumbled on, a seemingly interminable passage of vehicles. As she signalled him on, he relinquished his idea of finding sanctuary in the wood. He turned sharply to his right and plunged into a small thorn thicket. Through a gap he saw an open German car draw up on the roadway. The woman and her cow were gone. Three steel-helmeted troopers got out. One of them pointed up the hill to the thicket of thorns.

A Shallow Grave In The Mud

Embry seized a piece of broken stick and tore at the slush and oozy mud beside him. He worked rapidly, sometimes with his improvised entrenching tool, sometimes with his bare hands. And in a short time he had dug a little shallow grave. He rolled into it, pulling foliage and briar over him.

There was silence. Not even from below came the rumbling of the convoys. Then he heard a car starting up. It was fully five minutes before he attempted to move; then he cautiously raised his head and looked out. The road was empty.

Embry left his hiding place just before dusk, carrying with him half a dozen little sticks. He scratched a line on the soft ground, scraping through the grass with a stick. The line, drawn from the setting sun, marked his position east and west. He had already decided that the Somme would be lying in a south-easterly direction. With the little sticks stuck at intervals in the grass and leading off from the east-west line in an angle, which he had approximately judged, he made a "track-line." He had set course in the direction of his row of sticks. All that remained then was to start walking. But, first of all, if possible, Treacy must be found.

He made his way along the bottom of the ditch by the road, but there was no sign of Treacy. It took the better part of half an hour to complete the search of the ditch. He stepped softly into the wood. It was as silent as death itself. He was tempted to whistle, thought better of it, and snapped a branch of a tree instead. The sound was like the crack of a whip. He listened intently. The quietness crept in around him. He waited for several minutes and then stepped out into the open again. He grew bolder after a little time and made a brief circuit of the wood, but still with no success. Reluctantly he turned his back on the trees and, now that it was dark, made his way directly towards his precious "track-line." He had searched in vain for nearly an hour.

By the starlight, which was now bright, he picked up his row of sticks easily. He searched the sky for the North Star and found it. Then, in relation to his "track-line" and the star, he picked up the next immediate landmark, a small clump of trees. So in this way he would make his journey in a dead straight line over the countryside, moving from mark to mark and re-checking by the star, through and over any obstacle, without deviating from his course.

He set off. It was thirty minutes after midnight. He made his way in laps of approximately 300 yards.

Between the fifth and sixth marks he fell, tripping over a tangle of wire from a broken fence. For a moment he thought he had broken an ankle, and he lay still, fearful of investigation, for this would have been the end. But at length he rose and hobbled on.

He found himself on the edge of a deep ditch and slithered down. When he emerged he was waist-deep in black mud. His leg was very painful and the night was growing darker. Now even the stars were against him, because a haze had crept between them and him, and one by one they were going out.

He went on his way. But the sky clouded over, and by three o'clock in the morning he lost direction. Then he heard the dog bark. He made up his mind at once. The risk must be taken. Better a chance of a German bayonet than slow death in the neighbouring woods from exposure. He walked in the direction of the barking dog.

NEXT WEEK: Embry meets Paul, the French farmer who helps him on his adventurous way

LETTER-RACK IN UMBRIA

Continued from page 7

thought to this art of relaxing. He was beginning earnestly to believe in it. Of course, he had to relax to a certain extent to cope with Gertrude, but he was inclined to feel that it was not a truly deep relaxation, ever. He saw clearly that it would be a very fine gift to acquire; in his job, for instance, when no light showed in a problem, when everybody about the place was flapping and worrying and interfering with his mental processes it would be both satisfying and impressive to be able to shut himself off in a peaceful corner of the spirit, to emerge presently with the vexing question settled in simple, clear-cut terms.

Yes, he reflected dozily on the rear seat of the Florence-Siena-Rome bus, a thousand miles from home—yes, a very fine thing. What a pity Gertrude couldn't arrange such a gift for him. He would be really grateful for that. But it would be quite beyond her; indeed her strength lay in almost the exactly opposite direction. She was the driving force in his life, the motive power—the stimulator; whether she meant to or not she stood firmly between him and the acquisition of the true gift, the real happiness of a balanced, effective man.

A buzz of resentment about it began churning in his mind, a sensation far from relaxing and undoubtedly most disloyal to Gertrude.

He re-lit his pipe and looked out at Celluccia in an attempt to quieten the turmoil.

It seemed a peaceful little town. There were not many people about and those moved languidly, a dog slept on the smooth cobbles under the largest lime tree, children played with a battered biscuit tin in front of a wine-shop, their noise muted in the afternoon heat. Two old men were reading newspapers on a bench in the shadow of a tower; although dressed sombrely in black, like so many of these Italians, they did not, however, lessen the gaiety of the yellow-pink wash which in various tones gave the houses their bright cosiness. What he could see of Celluccia, he liked, liked very much. He wished, not for the first time on this holiday, but now with sudden violence, that Gertrude could bring herself to pause for a little while somewhere. But she couldn't. They had "cut" from Venice to Verona, "cut" via Brescia to Milan, from Milan to Turin, from Turin to Geneva to Florence; and now they were "cutting" from Florence to Rome—and they had been a bare week in the country.

That left scarcely a fortnight before he must be back at work. These damned buses. She had fallen in love with them. "Just like going everywhere by car." But she hadn't let him bring the car, which he could easily have done. "No, Henry. It's your holiday and you need a complete rest."

Rest! His head was dizzy with *duomos, basilicas,* picture galleries, museums, ruins, and above all with endless roads and incredibly stage-set panoramas, views and vistas. Even in Venice, where at least he had hoped for a leisurely gondola, they had been swept through the canals and lagoons in a motor-boat. "We've such a short time to see so much."

She came out of the café with a small white box and a satisfied expression. She would have got the best pastries over the heads of the other passengers.

They crowded into the bus again, and were soon speeding smoothly along. But with each mile, Mr. Halliday found he could think only of the small square of Celluccia under its shading trees.

"After Rome," Gertrude was saying, "we'll cut across to Civitavecchia and have a look at Sardinia. There's a regular service of fast boats to Cagliari. Very fine cathedral and donkeys no bigger than dogs. . . ."

Her voice penetrated but did not entirely disturb his vision of Celluccia. There had been plenty of room for a third between the two old men on the bench.

Presently, as sometimes happened, she fell asleep in mid-sentence and the bus was quiet. He looked at her furtively. With her mouth open like that, her head on one side against the padded sidepiece of the seat, she was a good deal less effective. Henry began, unsuccessfully, to practise relaxing.

MEETING a bus coming the other way was not a new situation on these roads but the drivers always pretended it had never happened before. Gertrude, who might have taken a hand in the matter, did not wake up. The question to be decided was which bus should back a hundred yards to the slightly wider sections of road which lay behind both with a hairpin bend between each. It was a nice point and the fact that the two buses belonged to the same company, were on the same service, and obviously met in almost exactly the same place every Tuesday and Friday had not yet produced a *modus vivendi* whereby, for instance, they took it in turns to back.

Four or five passengers from each bus got out to join in the argument and since Gertrude was not awake to tell him to stay where he was and leave it to her, Henry got out also.

Finally the disputants tossed an aluminium five-*lire* piece and their own driver lost.

It was at this point that the first unforgivable impulse came upon Mr. Halliday. He took one look at his sleeping wife, another at the clear, if inner, vision of Celluccia, got into the other bus and sat down in a spare seat on the simple deduction that if the Florence-Rome bus had paused in Celluccia, this, the Rome-Florence one, would do likewise.

Gertrude was still asleep when they passed the other bus waiting in the wider piece of road and no one in either bus seemed to have noticed that a passenger had transferred. Mr. Halliday, whose line of work had taught him that the human animal is almost totally devoid of observation, had not really expected that anyone would, but he sighed softly with relief to see the road back to Celluccia winding away across the hills in front of him, with no voice raised to question his right to be on it.

Three-quarters of an hour later the bus swung to a standstill in its dust cloud beside the replenished baking trays in the Café Morgo's windows and although Mr. Halliday got out with the rest he did not follow them to buy cakes.

Instead he bought a paper of which he could understand perhaps every tenth word and sat down between the two old men on the bench in the shadows of the clock tower.

Presently the cake-buyers climbed into the bus again and a moment later Mr. Halliday was watching it turn the far corner of the square. The dust drifted and settled and the peace of late afternoon fell upon Celluccia like a blessing which to Mr. Halliday could have come only from the deep blue heaven above the lime trees.

He folded his paper and set about a small exploring stroll round his oasis, his pleasure marred only by the inevitable certainty that this could be but a short interlude, that he could not hide here for more than an hour or so; conscience, a sense of responsibility, call it what he liked, would impel him to telegraph to the Rome hotel to let Gertrude know he would be coming on by the first available means of transport.

He walked slowly round the *piazza*, pausing now and again to look at things but more often at nothing in particular for it was part of relaxing to be able to look at nothing in particular.

The police station, however, drew his attention with its similarity to any police station at home, externally at any rate; this he decided was due to similarity of function. Wrong-doing after all varied little the world over, mankind being what it was, and those whose duty it was to combat it would tend to be the same kind and their headquarters also.

There was, however, a garden alongside this one, a garden of sprawling lushness with flowers and bushes one would not find even in the fertile valleys of Somerset. Except for a glimpse of it through a narrow ironwork gate in the high pink wall you would not have guessed it was there. The small two-storey house adjoining the rear of the building would be where the chief of police had his own quarters. *Il Capo,* as they would call him. Somewhere in the house a girl was singing with Italian tunefulness. Mr. Halliday, peering through the close curlicues of ancient iron, the mingling scents of many flowers in his nostrils, decided that even by Celluccian standards this would be one of the most beautiful spots in town, that the view from the barred windows of the police station flanking it must be magnificent in its serenity.

As he watched, the girl appeared at one of the lower windows, still singing, and arranged a red table-cloth over the sill; he had noticed this national custom, of draping everything out of windows that would drape. She wore a white shirt and had a brown face. She seemed very gay and in no way oppressed by the proximity of the battle against wrong-doing.

Mr. Halliday sighed. He went back to the seat in the *piazza* and sat down again between the old men. He contemplated the problem of finding some way of reaching Rome with increasing bleakness.

He felt sick, physically sick, at the thought of it. . . .

Suppose, suppose he telephoned the hotel in Rome and left a message against Gertrude's arrival to say he had changed his plans? Had gone back to Florence, for instance, and would join her in a few days—three days? Why not?

It was queer how unconsciously he found himself in the small post office next to the café, how easily he got through to Rome and how convincing the message sounded when the man repeated it back to him.

And how swiftly and dismally he awakened to reality the moment he was out in the *piazza* again.

Did he really believe that Gertrude would wait patiently in Rome for him when her nature so clearly indicated that she would "cut" back along the Umbrian route to Florence to look for him, turning Italy upside down on her way? Every authority, every policeman in the country would be searching for him.

WHERE could he hide? How could he hide? He felt enormous, noticeable, like a tree in a desert. You could hide the secret paper in the letter-rack in full view and no one would think of looking there for it, but what kind of letter-rack was there for him?

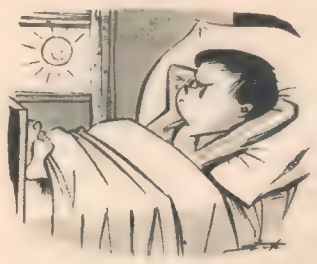
A letter-rack, a nice quiet letter-rack? That was what was needed—in full view yet where she would not see him, where she would never dream of looking for him, where no one, even the police if she called them in, would dream of looking for him?

As he stood there with his desperation in the darker gold of approaching evening the second impulse sprang into being, surprisingly complete, as though a part of his mind had been at work, busily observing, planning, ready to present him with an answer to his need. Even his fingers were on the keys in his trouser pocket, feeling the watch-key which his mother had given him all those years ago.

It was not an ordinary watch-key by any means; a Georgian affair with a big yellow faceted topaz set in narrow but ornate gold as a shank, it had no watch to wind but served as an anchor and identifying tag for his key-ring. He pulled it out now. The topaz flashed gaudily. He paused for a breathless moment only before opening the key-ring and slipping the thing off it; he put it separately in another pocket and approached the police station.

A thin man in a faded blue suit and dusty, crown-pinched black hat was leaning against the stone pillar by the swing door at the top of the steps, a small dead cheroot in the corner of his lifeless mouth. Mr. Halliday idly classified him, and then, with a sudden quickening of the pulse, looked at him more closely but sideways so that he should not be aware of the scrutiny. Without doubt—yes. Mr. Halliday went cautiously up to the notice-board on the wall alongside the steps, allowing furtiveness to colour his movements with a slight hunching of the shoulders. He studied the small posters on the board and in particular

NOW YOU KNOW



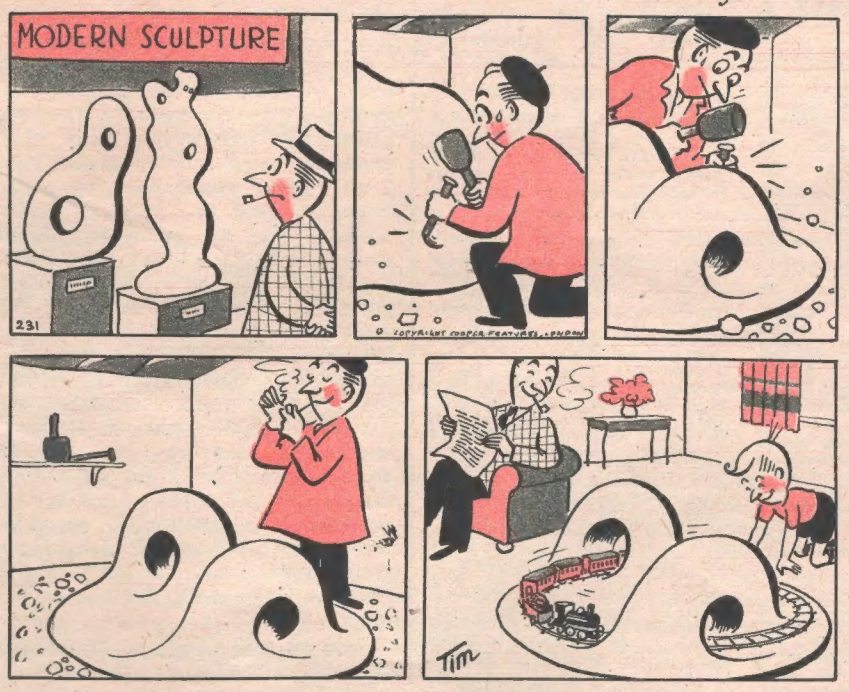
THE little boy who won't go to bed should not be forced but persuaded to retire. Chronic insomnia may develop if he is sent to bed too early. It is better to base his hours of sleep on need instead of age.

For instance, at eight years old he may need ten, eleven or only nine hours' sleep. It's natural that he should begin to resent being sent to bed while others stay up. Be tactful—let him go when he feels like it, within fifteen minutes either way of "bed-time."

If he thinks he's being treated like a grown-up, he'll be less inclined to peevish outbursts—and he'll sleep more soundly, too.

OH, JOHNNY!

by TIM



one with a reproduced photograph in it. It was a picture of about a dozen pieces of jewellery. Two of them, as nearly as he could tell, were quite large stones set as brooches but their nature and the character of their setting were difficult to determine from the smudgy reproduction.

No doubt the body of the notice concerning their theft contained descriptions, but Mr. Halliday did not spend time trying to translate. The only words of importance were above the photograph and announced briefly, but dramatically: *"Recompense! Lire 100,000!"*

Shielding the movement by a half-turn of his body he slipped the topaz from his pocket and after a surreptitious glance at it, stared at the photograph again. He could feel the detective's eyes now and chose this moment to become suddenly and uneasily aware of him. He thrust the topaz hastily back into his pocket and, walking swiftly at a pace which might at any moment become a run if panic forced it, returned to the *piazza*.

He did not look behind him as he went but a shop-front darkly mirrored the fact that the man was following him. Mr. Halliday felt a tingle of excitement and satisfaction.

He chose the corner of a quiet alleyway for his arrest—at least, it was less an arrest than a request to visit the police station and explain himself in greater privacy. Mr. Halliday, still refusing to say more than that he did not understand the language—*"non comprendo—forestiere"*—walked meekly by the detective's side back across the *piazzo* to the police station, and through the swing door into a small office off the main corridor. And as he walked, Mr. Halliday reminded himself with pleasure of something he had forgotten in the emotional moment of his impulse; that his passport, their joint passport, was in Gertrude's travelling bag. This, of course, was excellent; to be without papers in these countries automatically put you in the criminal category.

But there was still his wallet in his inside pocket and in the wallet at least one thing which would identify him inescapably, apart from his personal cards and a receipt in his name for china bought in Florence to be shipped home by the shop concerned.

He felt foolish and very despondent. His plan would collapse before it had scarcely begun. But the gods were with him. To his surprise, for nothing could have been more inefficient, the detective left the room, locking the door. Mr. Halliday moved fast. In a matter of seconds he had transferred the money to his hip pocket and thrown the wallet on top of the tall cupboard which, apart from a small bare table, comprised the total furniture of the room.

His spirits returned. He took the three paces to the window and looked through the bars into the garden. The girl had stopped singing and was now busy with a clatter of pans in the kitchen; its window was open and he could see her arms and hips and a section of tiled charcoal stove.

The door behind him opened and a uniformed *carabiniere* ushered in a large fat man with a wine-red stripe down each trouser leg; he was fastening his tunic and grumbling something at the thin detective, who was close at his heels. The detective was insistent, arrogant and full of rhetoric.

Mr. Halliday had no idea what he was saying but he could see clearly what he was thinking. That he was on to something good and *Il Capo* would very soon change his tune about doubting it.

It was also apparent that *Il Capo*, if he did not in general dislike and distrust the plain-clothes branch of the Italian police, certainly disliked and distrusted this particular member of it. He paid scant attention to what the man was saying, but surveyed the prisoner with intelligent eyes, which Mr. Halliday feared might penetrate his subterfuge.

At length, the plain-clothes man demanded Mr. Halliday's papers. Mr. Halliday began turning out his pockets—threw keys, handkerchief, loose change and a small wad of *lire* notes on the table. "Passport—*niente* passport," he explained. *"Perduto."*

The detective remarked nastily that he was not surprised and gestured at Mr. Halliday to search his pockets further for something else—*qualcosa d'interessante* which everyone knew was on his person.

Mr. Halliday slowly, reluctantly fished out the topaz and put it on the table with his other things.

It was a dramatic moment.

Even *Il Capo's* instinct for separating sheep from goats wavered at the sight of the yellow stone while

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RULES 1. First Prize for best *Bullet* received. Others in order of merit—the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.

3. As entry-fee, enclose P.O. or stamps as indicated on coupon. Fee submitted will be taken to cover *Bullets* in coupon order—any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain-paper entries are allowed. If using P.O. make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces half-rate for *Bullets* and Crosswords for entry-fees not exceeding 2s. if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated.

4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that results of this week's Contests in *Bulletin* and *Gazette*, dated Oct. 14, and in JOHN BULL, dated Oct. 21, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Odhams' employees (and families) ineligible.

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While There's Time
Trained Man
Duty Called And
Living Dangerously
Wisdom
To Work
Gave Him No Chance
In A Hospital Bed
Somewhere Else
Adopted
Drags On And On
Human Bloodhound
Getting Tough
The Stars
Father's System
Fell On Deaf Ears
Like A Dummy
Sitting On The Fence

Incomplete "Examples" —see instructions

..... Winston
If We All..... Together
Made ..... Think
Since She.....
"Why Don't You.....?"
Always Was....., So

NOTE.—You may enclose *Bullets* and Xword entries in same envelope covered by single P.O. for combined entry-fee. Mark envelope "COMBINED," top left-hand corner.

POST ENTRY

"Bullets" 1,750 (or Xword 702), "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

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Continued from next column

Yorks: AFTER ALL THE POSTCARDS—LICKING *Savings* STAMPS AGAIN?

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£10: Mrs. J. Rimmer, 11 Allandale, Lytham Road, Blackpool: THE PEACE HARVEST—IN? THIN! £10: Mrs. S. Rhodes, "Fermain," 24 St. Michael's Road, Broxbourne, Herts: AFTER ALL THE SCIENCE—TOMORROW IS *God's* SECRET. £5: E. Beal, 9 Farfield Road, Almondbury, Huddersfield: DAD'S PIG—"BARREL" THAT HE *Fills*! £5: J. G. Dalziel, 82 Queen Alexandra Road, North Shields, Northumberland: SILHOUETTES IN THE MOONLIGHT—PLANES, GUNS AND—*Lovers*! £5: B. A. Holt, 30 Rectory Grove, Hampton, Middlesex: A NEW HOME—IN TIME FOR EVACUATION? £5: A. J. Mace, 71 Roslyn Road, Adswood, Stockport, Cheshire: OUR BIGGEST BLESSING—SOMETIMES A BLESSED LITTLE—— £5: J. White, 46 Bolingbroke Street, Marshfields, Bradford.

Continued in previous column

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Across Clues **XWORD 702**

1. Adventurous travellers are inclined to be drawn towards regions where dangers do this
2. Some split more easily than others
5. You may find one brightened up by flowers
7. Great many of these are very steep
8. You need to bring common sense into this, when designing even a toolshed
9. Sometimes helps sonny to stick it
13. Despite losses caused by some birds in garden, others deserve their this
14. There's a pretty strong argument for a more equal distribution of

Down Clues

1. A girl's these may be naturally sunny
3. Speed of it now and then prevents a man making a bid
4. Its colour should help you to distinguish it
6. It isn't so easy to cut when it's thick
10. Once a man starts telling lies, he'll probably be led into
11. May not make all the impression it was intended to do
12. Their edges are carefully rounded for a very good reason

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In adjudication, all Extra Answers will be read in combination with each other and with all Answers in your Square. Thus your completed Square with one extra Answer to *one* Clue will represent *two* full Squares (Entry-fee 6d.). Square with one extra Answer to *two* Clues will represent *four* full Squares (Entry-fee 1s.), and Square with one extra Answer to *three* Clues will represent *eight* full Squares (Entry-fee 2s.). Use ink not pencil.

Single Square with 6d. P.O. or stamps covers dispatch to you of *Crossword Gazette* dated October 7.

Winner—sender of most meritorious set of Answers received—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Entrants limited to one prize per Contest and to entry requiring not more than 4s. entry-fee. Signature indicates agreement to Rules.

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		5 G	R	A		E		H	L	
K	T		A	L			6 G	O	A	
7 S	H		R	E	S					
	O		E		8 P	L	A			
9	U	10 M		11		O	S		12	
				I	E		S	P	A	
	C	R	E	E	L	S		A	T	
13	E	E	D	702	14 L	O		D	S	

CLUE	EXTRA ANSWER	Total Fee
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Puzzle and Form strictly copyright **702** Closing Postmark, Monday, Sept. 25

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MR. HALLIDAY drifted away in a languor of restfulness from which he came gently awake with the feeling that he was hungry and also that he was no longer alone.

Il Capo, comfortably in shirt-sleeves, straddling a chair he must have brought in with him, was smiling amiably at Mr. Halliday.

"Fool Mario Ferrugi," he said, displaying a good deal more English than at the first interview. "Fool Mario whatta you call burning his fingers. Jolly good. Gone home to stinking cellar to write report," the fat man went on. "I spik good English?"

"You do indeed."

Il Capo chuckled. He inquired if *il signore* was hungry.

Mr. Halliday said he was.

"Good! It is the hour for the hungry." *Il Capo* moved smoothly from the chair to the door which he held open. "We eat and talk and as he is I spik English so good maybe I show you Italiano, eh? Jolly good!"

He led Mr. Halliday along the corridor, explaining on the way about the difficulty of obtaining good veal at this time of year; adding that he need have no fear; Giullietta, his dearest daughter, always managed to make the best of it.

Mr. Halliday was baffled. He couldn't make head or tail of what was going on. The table on the stone flags beside the kitchen door was set for three, and no trained observation was needed to see that the blue check table cloth was a best one and the

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wine glasses more fragile than *Il Capo* customarily used to drink his evening litre of wine.

The third place was for Giullietta herself, who sat down beside Mr. Halliday when she had served the first course of *spaghetti bolognese;* she smiled at him with as great and open friendliness as her father's. Her eyes were beautiful, her white teeth were even between her full lips and her breasts were soft under her best silk frock. The scent of the garden hung in the still air and the red wine glowed in its light.

Mr. Halliday came out of his reverie to hear *Il Capo's* belated presentation of his dearest daughter.

"This, *signore,*" he stood up to say, "is my only daughter Giullietta. I am a proud papa with 'er. She cooks good, makes the clothes for 'erself good and is good. Giullietta, this is the illustrious *signore,* the Chief Inspector 'Alliday of the famous *polizia* of Somerset."

For a moment Mr. Halliday's mind stood still but as if aware of this *Il Capo* quickened pace to relieve him.

"But that is a great secret the stupid Mario Ferrugi must learn for 'imself. I say 'e is mistake to think the *signore* a thief. *Il Capo* 'Alliday makes a fool of Mario for 'is own reasons we do not demand. But I looka at Signore 'Alliday an' say—ho-ha — 'ere is *mistèro ma non criminalita, e vero, signore?*"

Mr. Halliday nodded slowly. It was true that mystery was not necessarily crime. He stared in some fascination at this large amiable man who was filling the wine glasses as if nothing else was on his mind.

"I 'ave put your pocket-book in my own safe," he said, "for it might not be of dignity for a *Capo di polizia d'Inghilterra* to climb up a cupboard when 'e wishes to disclose himself an' 'is *autorità.*"

Giullietta's lovely eyes were full of laughter. "*Mio papa,*" she said, "is more cunning than a fox."

WITH a certain amount of shame, Mr. Halliday told them about his regrettable impulses and the circumstances of their birth.

Half way through it *Il Capo* had to be thumped on the back because his wine had gone down the wrong way; Giullietta reproved him. It was both impolite and impracticable to laugh and drink at the same time.

When Mr. Halliday had done she regarded him with what he felt was unwonted sombreness.

"*La Signora* 'Alliday?" she asked eagerly. "She will now go back to England without *il signore*? And will wish never to see him again for his wickedness?"

"Good heavens no!" he said. "Whatever makes you think that?"

"*Mio cuore,*" she replied and because her voice was low, too low to reach her spluttering papa, Mr. Halliday next day looked up "cuore" in the dictionary she lent him and wondered with awe what could have made him so attractive to such a lovely young woman.

But at the time he said he thought that it might be as long as a week before he and Gertrude would be together again. With luck.

"Jolly good!" said *Il Capo* and poured from the second litre.

Mr. Halliday drank the wine and contemplated the moon rising above the high pink wall of his prison, at long last aware of that delicious sense of well-being possible only in one who has learnt, somehow or other, complete relaxation of body and mind. THE END

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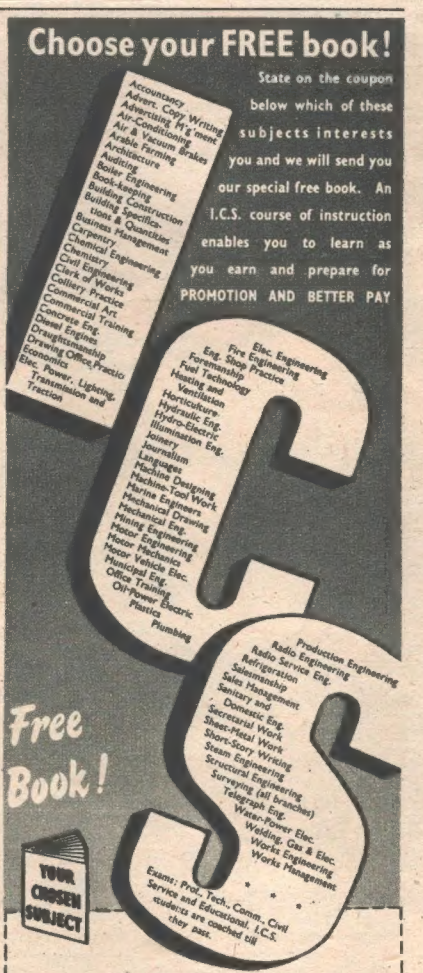

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